

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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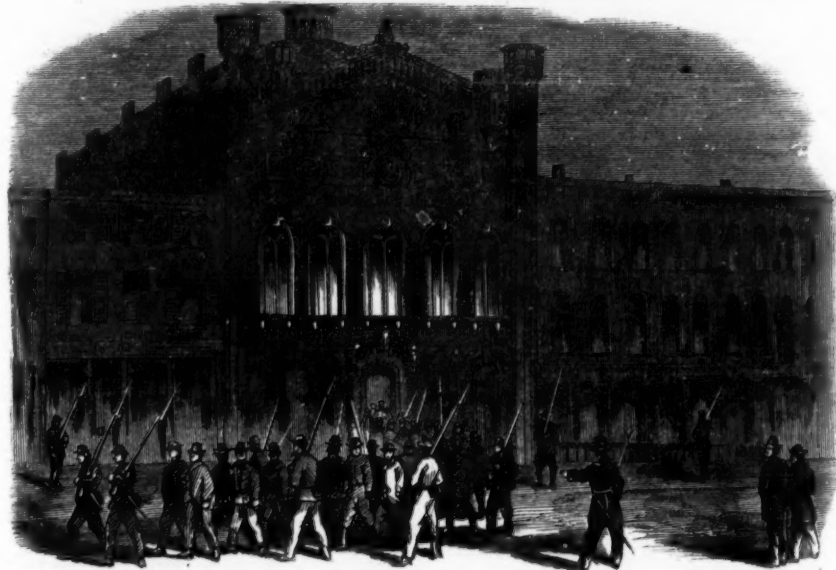
## Gold and Prices.

UNDER the influence of the military successes at home, and the better appreciation of the power and resources of our country abroad, the premium on gold has fallen 70 per cent. since the 1st of January. In other words, gold is quoted as against currency at 160 or thereabouts, instead of 230 and over, as it was ninety days ago. This is a rapid and unexpected advance towards the specie standard, and must have a powerful effect on prices, which have been outrageously inflated under

the depreciation of the currency—a depreciation mainly created by disloyal and disaffected persons, a large part of them foreigners, and through speculative operations in William and Wall streets. The fact that duties are payable in gold has been made the pretext for most extravagant advances in the prices of foreign articles; that is to say, an advance of ten per cent. in gold was made the occasion of an appreciation of from twenty to thirty per cent. in prices. The breakdown of the system through which gold was kept up brings with it, or ought to do so, a corresponding decline

in the prices of all articles that are bought and sold. Those shopkeepers or dealers who attempt to hold out will lose their customers, and secure their own ruin. Under a decline of one-third in the price of gold, all commodities, and especially imported ones, must come down proportionably. People will not buy at the old rates; they will prefer to leave dealers to the companionship of their deserted counters, rather than pay old, extravagant and panic prices for articles not absolutely necessary. It is the intention of the new Secretary of the Treasury to approximate the national

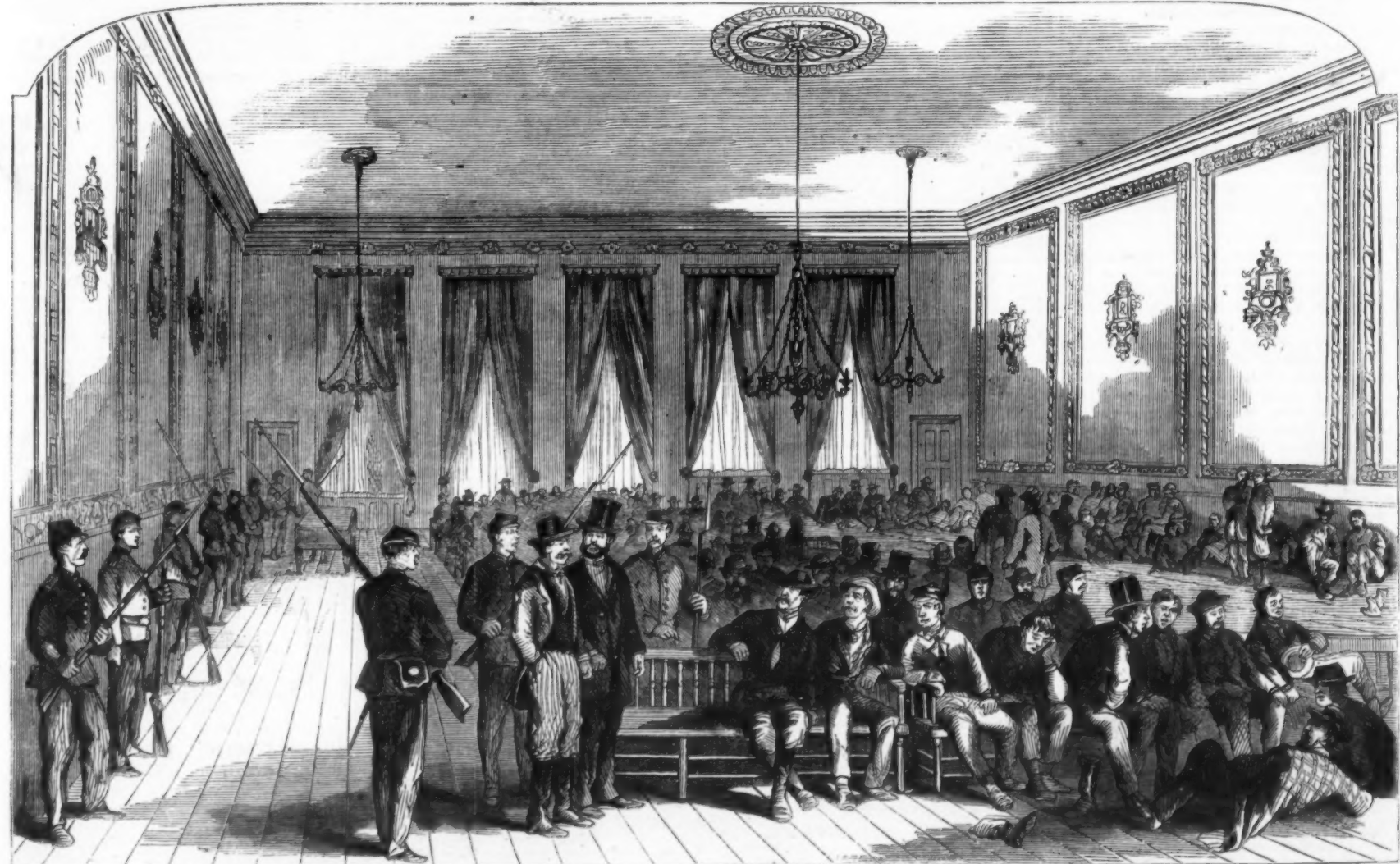
currency to gold, and to effect a speedy return to specie payments. In this he is greatly favored by circumstances. The absorption of legal tenders in popular loans is going on, and has been going on for a long time at the rate of more than four millions daily; and most of the old banks of issue are coming into the National Banking System, withdrawing their circulation, and replacing it with U. S. notes. There is no over-issue of currency, or if there has been the operations of existing causes will soon reduce the volume within proper limits, and there will remain no more than may be



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necessary for the ordinary transactions of business, and this means substantially a return to specie payments.

We repeat, therefore, prices must come down, and prudent and far-seeing people will buy nothing beyond what is absolutely requisite, until dealers adapt themselves to the altered and more favorable condition of affairs. Traders who wish to do business will reduce their prices *pari passu* with the decline in gold, instead of being obliged to make no sales in the interval, and come down with a crash when gold is at 120, where it soon will be.

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**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,**  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1865.

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#### Great Facts.

WE are now in the fourth year of our great civil war, and yet volunteering goes on at the rate of 3,000 soldiers a day, or over 1,000,000 per annum. To support this army in the field, the people of the United States are taking up the bonds of the Government at the rate of over \$4,000,000 a-day, or \$1,440,000,000 per annum.

If anything were necessary to be added to these great and significant facts, we might repeat what everybody knows, namely, that labor was never so well rewarded, enterprise never more active, and all the elements of wealth and prosperity never more vigorous than at this moment.

Since the war commenced petroleum, or rather its sources and uses have been discovered, and it has added to the exportable value of the country an amount of wealth almost if not quite equal to the gold product of California.

At this moment the export of gold to Europe has absolutely ceased; exchange is below par; and any balance of trade there might be against us is more than compensated by the European demand for American securities.

This year has shown a fourfold increase in emigration from Europe, made up of a more intelligent and better-to-do class of men than ever came into the country within a corresponding period.

The war has given us a national currency, uniform over a country larger than all Europe, and secured by the whole credit and the entire resources of the nation.

The war has given us a navy of over 600 of the fleetest, best armed, and most effective vessels that ever floated on the ocean, manned by able and experienced officers and sailors, accustomed to the reality of naval war, and as brave as they are skillful.

It has given us, what with men in the field or those who have seen service, and ready to take up arms again in case of necessity, 2,000,000 of soldiers.

It has given us 4,000,000 of grateful citizens, before slaves, to lend to competitive industry, and to the available strength of the country, a power before latent, or only capable of evil.

It has made us a nation free in fact as well as in theory, and redeemed us from the well-deserved sneers and contumely of mankind.

It has vindicated the teachings of the Gospel and the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

THE military situation of the country is more favorable than at any previous period. Sherman has penetrated into North Carolina, and was, at last accounts, at Fayetteville, a town on the Cape Fear river, at the head of navigation in that stream, and, consequently, in communication with the sea and with the forces of Gen. Terry at Wilmington. He is in a position to effect a junction with Schofield, marching westward from Newberne, and from this position may strike at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, or at Goldsboro, the great railway centre of that State, thus closing all the avenues leading from Richmond, and forcing back the troops of Hardee, Hoke, Beauregard and Johnston on the last rebel stronghold. These leaders must fight him soon, or submit to be shut up with Lee in Richmond, to await the sure result of a siege in a city already woefully deficient in supplies. If a great battle takes place—and if a battle takes place at all it must be a great one—Sherman will not only have his own tried and confident army, which has fought its way through the very heart of the Confederacy, but he will also have the forces which operated under Gillmore at Charleston, under Terry at Wilmington, and those which, under Schofield, defeated Hoke a few days ago at Kinston. Opposed to him will be the late rebel garrisons of Savannah, Charleston and Wilmington, a portion probably of the late army under Hood, with such reinforcements as can be spared from Richmond. It is possible that these may foot up in numbers equal to the army under Sherman, but in all other respects they must be greatly inferior. Sherman's army is compact, well ordered, accustomed to victory, and made up of soldiers who have a thorough knowledge of their commander, while that opposed to it is made up of ill-assorted, discontented fragments, without any leader having the prestige of success or any great personal popularity. The result of a battle, therefore, if the numerical odds are not greatly against the Union army, can hardly be doubtful.

The only danger to be apprehended, and that we may be sure Gen. Grant thoroughly appreciates and has guarded against, is, that, by a sudden and secret depletion of Richmond, Lee may be able to so heavily strengthen Johnston, as to enable him to bear down Sherman by overwhelming numbers. Such a movement, however, cannot be made easily nor without the knowledge of the Lieutenant-General, who stands ready to sweep down on Richmond at a moment's warning, and to follow up its garrison closely wherever it may go. Besides, such a movement, if made at all, must be made soon; and before Sheridan cuts the Danville railway, which, since his destruction of that to Lynchburg, is the only one left, leading from Richmond.

The whole available forces of the rebellion are now crowded into Central North Carolina and Eastern Virginia, between Sherman and Grant, and with Thomas moving from Tennessee on their left flank, while the ocean completes the circle on the east. Here they must soon hazard a battle on which they must stake all. Should it go against them, their cause will be utterly and for ever lost. None know it better than the rebel leaders, and we may be sure they will fight with the energy of despair. The loyal people of the nation await the issue, not without concern, but with an abiding faith in the justice of their cause and in the strength and devotion of their soldiers, who also know the vastness of the stake for which they are called to fight.

If Gerritt Smith, Wendell Phillips, or Mr. Lloyd Garrison had been appointed a committee of three to draw up, on behalf of the rebel Congress, a bill for the employment of slaves in the Southern army, they could not have devised one better adapted to defeat the objects of the South, or enhance the prospects of the North, than that which has just been adopted by the Solons of Richmond. It provides that for the purpose of "securing the

independence and preserving the institutions of the Confederate States," the General-in-Chief may accept from the owners of slaves such number of negroes as he may deem expedient, and place them in the army, "where they shall receive the same clothing, rations and compensation as are allowed to other troops." The essential point of the measure consists in the 5th and closing section, which provides "that nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize a change in the relations of said slaves." We think we see "said slaves" fighting to "preserve the institutions of the Confederate States," the chiefest of which, the "corner-stone," in fact, is slavery! What a glorious consolation for our rebel fellow-citizen from Africa, when bleeding and dying on the battlefield, to reflect that he has perpetuated the gyves on the wrists of his wife and children! What an inspiration in the charge on Yankee bayonets, the thought that every effort will tend to strengthen the Southern hold on "nigger chattels!" Let Lee hasten his African auxiliaries to the field; we can afford to give them rations—as Sherman offered Hood when he commenced his famous march for the Ohio river.

THE rebel Congress was ready to adjourn a few days ago, but Mr. Jefferson Davis sent in a message requesting the members to wait a "little longer," without assigning any special reason. As over two-fifths of the Congress had left before, we presume the other three-fifths (members from Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Louisiana), who had no place to go to, were willing enough to remain. To return to their constituents (Heaven save the mark!) would be somewhat hazardous. The object of the arch-traitor in keeping them together may have been to give to their surrender and his own a melo-dramatic dignity. Still we are willing to accept the guesses of the Evening Post:

"What, then, is the object of the mysterious communication? We do not know, of course, but we can give a Yankee guess, which is sometimes almost as good as knowledge. Davis and his crew must get out of Richmond—so Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield have decreed—and there are but three ways of doing it: first, by stealing off in the night to some point in southwestern Virginia, in order to prolong the war; second, to risk a big battle, in which, by an inexplicable good fortune, they may be successful; and third, to lay down their arms on the promise of some sort of amnesty and forgiveness on the part of our Government. We see no other course for them, and we believe that it is to consider the alternative that the Congress is asked to remain and deliberate."

THE Minister of Finance of Canada has submitted to Parliament the estimates for the current year, including \$1,000,000 for the permanent defence of the country. This is either too much or too little; and the "defences"—against whom are they to be erected? Against the United States? If so we can only ask "what is a beech-nut in a bear's paw?"

To the popular mind, says the *Historical Magazine*, Arnold is the one sole traitor of the Revolution, who stands in solitary grandeur as the arch apostate from the cause of American freedom. Yet there were many in the civil and military service of the new Government who from one motive or another abandoned its cause and took service under the Crown. A few successes would perhaps have increased the number, as perhaps there were not a few who carried American commissions and British protection in the same pocket, ready to use either in an emergency.

Among the "traitors" mentioned by Mr. Sabine, in his "Loyalists of the American Revolution," we find:

William Cunningham (Bloody Bill), of South Carolina, was an officer on the Whig side in 1776, joined the English, and as Major perpetrated the greatest cruelty, killing no less than 35 persons in cold blood.

John Goodrich, of Virginia, entrusted with the purchase of powder, defrauded the State, and joined the English with his sons.

Lieut. Hall, of South Carolina, commanded a small fort which he treacherously surrendered to the Cherokees. The whole garrison was butchered. He became lieutenant in the King's Rangers, and was taken in 1779 and executed.

Col. Duyckinck, of the New Jersey militia, took the oath of allegiance in 1777.

Capt. John Purvis, member of the Provincial Congress of South Carolina, deserted to the English with his troop in 1775.

John J. Zubly, of Georgia, member of the Continental Congress, finally fled to the enemy.

Col. Daniel McGirt, of Georgia, at first zealous on the Whig side, but deserted and was the scourge of South Carolina and Georgia. He was captured, kept in prison for five years and died soon after.

Major Andrew Williamson, of South Carolina, was an active officer till 1780, when he submitted to the British and became so active in the cause of the Crown that he was called the Arnold of South Carolina. He was captured by Haynes, and this cost the latter his life.

Capt. Andrew Carney, of Georgia, first sold his own and stolen cattle to the English, and then deserted to them.

To understand how much and what kind of a "blessing in disguise" the capture of Wilmington proved to be, we have the statistics of blockade-running to that port published in the *Manchester (Eng.) Guardian*. For one year, ending December 31, 1864, the values of ships and cargoes going to Wilmington were \$68,000,000. The total number of vessels which ran the blockade for fifteen months, from October 1, 1863, to December 31, 1864, was 397, with a value in ships of \$30,000,000, and of cargoes, in round numbers, of \$40,000,000. Now this illicit trade is wholly stopped, the South pronounces the cessation a blessing; we are satisfied; and it only remains to inquire "How feels J. B.?" thereby meaning John, whose surname is Bull.

OUR readers will remember that Senator Wigfall, of Texas, in the debates preceding Secession, called the Government of the United States "a one-horse concern." Since the Virginia Legislature has declared for the policy of arming negroes, Wigfall has shocked all the proprietors of the Old Dominion by applying the same elegant phrase to that august body. If we may believe the *Richmond Sentinel*, his speech was generally "violent,

unpatriotic and censurable in the highest degree," and that he "denounced the press, poured out his bitterness on the President, and demanded that he and the Vice-President should resign."

OUR readers will hardly credit the fact that the following paragraph appeared in a London paper less than a month ago:

"To take Wilmington, or Charleston, or Mobile will require the advance of an army larger than that commanded by Sherman, and Gen. Bragg is not uttering a vain boast when he states that he can hold Wilmington against any attack from the sea."

A CORRESPONDENT brings to our notice the following lines by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of "Not a Drum was Heard":

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee,  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be;  
It never through my mind had passed  
That time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again,  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain.  
But when I speak thou dost not say  
What ne'er thou left'st unsaid,  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Dear Mary, thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,  
All cold and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart  
And where thy smiles had been;  
When e'en thy chill bleakness I have  
Thou seemest still my own,  
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,  
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me,  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
In thinking still of thee.  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light, not seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore.

"These lines were composed by Wolfe," continues our attentive friend, "about the same time that he lent the 'warrior,' Moore, 'alone in his glory,' and a though they seem to breathe the present feelings of some distracted widower or lover mourning the early death both of his mistress and his hope, they were actually written some time previous to his *affaire d'amour*, when he was yet studying for a fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin; and, moreover, were only written to be sung to his favorite air of 'Gramercy,' for which they are much better adapted than 'The Harp that Once through Tull's Halls.'"

"I test the memory of Wolfe so much, not only for his poetry but for his virtues, that I must be pardoned a little enthusiasm on a subject so interesting to myself. I have stood beside his grave, in the old churchyard, at Queenstown, and repeated the lines which I have given you."

"I may add, in conclusion, that all Charles Wolfe's literary remains may be found in a volume published by the Rev. J. A. Russell, Archdeacon of Clogher, Ireland, and this book, though of moderate dimensions, contains extracts from his sermons and a full sketch of our hero's brief but chequered life. VIATOR."

#### Summary of the War.

##### NORTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Sherman arrived at Fayetteville on the 12th of March, having marched triumphantly through South Carolina without any serious resistance, the enemy invariably flying at his approach.

On the 10th Gen. Wade Hampton's rebel cavalry suddenly attacked the Union cavalry in camp, and took them so suddenly by surprise that they had to abandon their camp, Gen. Kilpatrick escaping with difficulty; he, however, rallied his men, drove the rebels out of the camp, and regained all he had lost.

It was reported that Gen. Sherman had occupied Goldsboro and Raleigh, but no certain intelligence has yet come to hand. Gen. Terry had opened communication with him by sending a steamer up the Cape Fear river.

##### SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

From Charleston and Savannah our dispatches by the steamship Arago, which arrived here on the 18th, are to the 14th inst. In both cities and their vicinity, of course, there was no disturbance of the military quiet. In Charleston the Provost-Marshal's office was daily thronged with the inhabitants anxious to take the oath of allegiance. There is great scarcity of food in that city, and great numbers of the poor are threatened with starvation. Many additional pieces of artillery have been found in Charleston and vicinity, sufficient to make the entire number captured by the national authorities since the flight of the rebels nearly 500. Vast quantities of hidden ammunition have also recently been discovered.

##### VIRGINIA.

Gen. Sheridan, in a dispatch dated 15th March at the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad crossing of the South Anna river, gives a brief account of additional serious damage to the enemy inflicted by his cavalry in the region immediately around and north of the rebel capital. The James River canal was rendered entirely useless as far east as Goochland, and 15 miles of the Virginia Central railroad, from Tollesville to Beaver Dam station, about 20 miles above Richmond, were totally destroyed. Ashland and the South Anna river bridges were also destroyed. The destruction of the latter the rebels attempted to prevent, but they were soon driven off, and three pieces of artillery were captured from them.

There has been little movement in the armies before Richmond and Petersburg. In consequence of information that the rebels had undermined Fort Hell, before the latter city, the troops had been withdrawn to another position, the guns, etc., being removed.

##### TENNESSEE.

Refugees and rebel deserters arriving in Chattanooga, says the *Gazette*, from the northern counties of Georgia, report a terrible state of affairs existing through that region. The whole country is swarming with gangs of marauders, composed of deserters from the rebel army and rebel citizens, who roam over the land, robbing,



plundering, and even murdering defenceless women. The thieves even stoop to rob the women of their clothing and children of their shoes. Life is cheaply held, and the rights of property are disregarded.

The supposition that Longstreet's corps is already in the vicinity of Bristol is strengthened by the increased boldness of rebel movements in that quarter lately. A few days ago a yawl, containing torpedoes and other incendiary apparatus, together with a dozen rebel naval officers, was captured on the Tennessee, below Knoxville. Their mission is supposed to have been to destroy all the Government warehouses, property and railroads from Chattanooga westward.

## ALABAMA.

Dispatches from Mobile say the city is strongly menaced, and Gen. Maury, the rebel commander, has warned the people to prepare for the expected attack of the national forces, and advised all non-combatants to leave. On the 9th inst. a transport with 2,000 Union troops entered the bay through Grant's Pass; 21 Union vessels were in sight of the city on the 11th, and great activity was said to prevail in the fleet. A few shots had been thrown from the vessels at both shores.

## NEW BOOKS, &amp;c.

*The New York Weekly*, published by Street & Smith, 11 Fulton street, is having a great sale, consequent upon its publication of the exciting story, entitled "Wild Nell, the Spy," by F. S. Smith. There is always a fund of absorbing and sensational story matter in the Weekly.

"*LIFE OF MENDELSSOHN*," published by Leypoldt, 644 Broadway. A profoundly interesting pendant to the "Letters" of the composer, issued by the same publisher. It is translated from the text of his lifelong friend, Lampadius, by W. L. Gage, and commended to the lovers of music and books by Leypoldt's faultless taste in the way of printing and binding.

FROM HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, we have received two songs for the piano. "A Home on the Mountain" is a very sweet ballad, words by Rev. Sidney Dyer, and music by Mrs. Parkhurst. The other is a song and chorus, by Meitzke, and appears to contain the elements of popularity.

## TOWN GOSSIP.

We have been sitting and shivering in the draft this week past. It is true, excellent Gov. Fenton promised that if we would be good boys and play nicely at recruiting, we should hear nothing more of this distasteful blast. But excellent governors are but excellent men, who may be deceived by governors-general, who may misunderstand an oracular President; and the fact was that on Wednesday, just as we were congratulating ourselves on the narrow escape we had made, we heard something ominous—the doors of the provost-marshal's office rolled apart, grating harsh thunder; and inside seemed to sit a huge dim figure of Fortune, who rolled a huge dim wheel, and then we came away.

The fact is, we were drafted; in several districts. We have decided to report on self; and then rest.

That was a superb festival of splendor and beauty they gave us at the Academy on Tuesday night. They called it the Purim Ball. It seems that thousands of years ago a Persian king, with a name that sounds like a sneeze, collected all the oriental beauties together for a sort of grown-up baby show; and being dazzled with the loveliness of one ineffable dark-eyed girl, changed his previous intention of marrying them all, and condensed upon her his critical despotic fancy, and held over her the sceptre of his awful favor. She turned out to be a Jewess, and gained vast advantages for her people, whom these blessings rendered "purim," or fortunate. So they celebrate her memory every year, as they did the other night; we paid \$20 dollars for a ticket, and participated; we found it very purim indeed. There was a noble assembly of very beautiful women, but we could not see that richly-chiselled Hebrew profiles prevailed. We saw Deists, Atheists, Plymouth Brethren, and indeed all the most exclusive sects. The costumes and dominoes were rich beyond anything we have seen within those walls that have flushed with so many gorgeous revels; the folds of the massive stuffs, all dewy with diamonds, and glowing with every color under the sun (that is fashionable)—much more agreeable to dance with—than any statuary we have seen, even was statuary. We only wished Ahasuerus had been there; he would have been so utterly dashed by the thousands of conflicting temptations, that we firmly believe he would have retreated home, signed the pledge, and made it up with Vashti, all for peace.

Manager Maretzky has given two extra nights of opera to his subscribers, who are all going to remember him in their (good) will. On Thursday Signora Carozzi-Zucchi rendered the rôle of Norma with impassioned energy and power. It has been of late years the fashion for every prima donna who was very fat to be proclaimed as the "only Norma." We remember several magnificent developments of adipose, standing upon altars with verbenas around their heads, and announcing "I was Norma!"—while the critics would sob and devoutly add, "The only Norma since Grisi." Now Zucchi is merely rounded to the point of peerless symmetry, and most noble and melodious she was, breathing the *Casta Diva* in the moonlight, or singing her soul out over her children in that tender duet she has with Adalgisa. By-the-by, we have not given Moreau, who took this latter part, the credit she deserves for her various agreeable reproductions. Her *viandière* beauty in "Le Forçé" is most satisfactory to the various young men who come expressly to see her, and her hearty, mellow contralto is always welcome, as it comes easily flowing from her round throat—more like a bird before the dawn than a singer before the critics.

Here is one of the pleasant little incidents that occur sometimes in this cosy corner devoted to chat and gossip. Just as we had retreated hither lately from the labors of a busy day, a dark-haired and graceful youth was introduced, who bowing and coloring with all the irresistible candor of boyhood, began to explain that his errand was to ask a personal and family favor. Eugene Beauchamps, when he went to ask his father's sword from the first Consul, might have worn a manner as tender and frank. He introduced himself as a member of the family of the late Gen. George P. Morris, and asked to see the portrait of that gentleman, in our paper of Oct. 6, 1860.

He sighed as he looked upon the effigy, and said, gravely: "Our family all consider this the best likeness of my father-in-law that has been made. None of the portraits show him so precisely as he looked six months before he died. Will you let me have a copy of the paper?"

It was easy to accommodate this natural filial sentiment by a little work upon the press downstairs, and our routine duties have rarely been relieved by a feeling of purer professional pleasure than was ours in distributing some proofs among the survivors of that toad-eater, high-toned friend and stainless gentleman—

The inexorable Woodman, who would not spare that hale and noble tree, is balked of half his revenge if the children it protected can feel its kindly shelter falling on them again from the shadow we have preserved.

Saint Patrick's day was celebrated in royal style, himself assisting in his most brilliant robes—in blue coat and sunny surplice, instead of the dull, gray, washed-out drapery he has usually officiated in. The anomaly of a fair day brought out all the Hibernians. The 69th and 99th regiments turned out in force, followed by a long tail of civic societies—Ancient Orders, Father Mathew Societies, Ben-volent Associations, more of them than can be told. The streets through which they passed were gay with the inimitable Irish bonnet and shawl, and the gallant boys had so much flirting to attend to that they had much ado to move along through the dense ranks of sweethearts. In the evening there was a noble banquet given by the Knights of St. Patrick at the Metropolitan Hotel, as joyfully as the glorious Messrs. Leland could make it, and the cheery Saint's day concluded, in a peculiarly Irish manner, at an advanced hour the next morning.

Mr. William Wheatley has found his profit in Mr. Bandmann and the higher drama. More infinitely refreshing, after a long course of modern spasmodic plays, is a draft of Shakespeare, blowing through the house like a breath from the sea! How it freshens everything! What a flavor there is in any single line!

"In Belmont dwells a lady richly left."

Only say this, and a whole dead civilization breathes again, with its beautiful old stiffness and state; the actor recites his part, and however low and poor a fellow he may be, for his hour he becomes a Venetian gentleman of the 16th century, with touches upon him of the chivalric dignity or the sweet courtly wit of the time, too distinct for his worst awkwardness to wholly do away. The Shylock of Mr. Bandmann is a performance that no Shakespearean student would willingly miss; it is most scholarly, most Jewish, most intensely sympathetic. It elucidates the text with marvellous skill and minuteness; at the same time it is wholly removed from the manners of real life—it is a Shylock that could not breathe a moment outside the theatre.

At the Olympic they are still running the "Streets of New York" to abundant houses. The public have taken this drama so decidedly under their patronage that it can well afford to spare any praise from us.

The members of the opera troupe gave a fine-scented entertainment at St. Stephen's Church on Sunday night. All the principal vocalists were present, and Heller, tired of playing the fiddle for six nights in the week at his mysterious *Salon Diabolique*, had reformed, and lent his skillful hands to the organ. Of course there was a large audience, and immense though it repeated enthusiasm.

We hear of our old friend Stephen Masset away up in Connecticut, at Middletown. James Pipes seems to have found the pipe of Pan—everybody listens, and they pay the piper, too, wherever he goes.

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—Several of the female rebels of Missouri who were sentenced to be banished to the South during the war by Gen. Dodge, have compromised by marrying Union soldiers, in some cases their temporary guards, and now their life guards.

—There are now in the vast pineries of the Upper Mississippi not far from 150,000 feet of logs cut and ready for the spring drive.

—A male n-tive of Michigan is now denominated a Michigander, while his female mate is called a Michigone.

—Those seeking a pleasant entertainment will be gratified to learn that Mrs. Henry C. Watson will commence her poetic and dramatic recitations, with vocal illustrations, at Steinway's Rooms, during the present month.

—A Philadelphia critic says that Mrs. John Drew follows her noble art, "as one of old, who, on the mountain crags, caught madness from a maniac's haunting eyes!" Poor woman!

—Last year more persons were killed by railroad and at railroad accidents in this country than in any year since 1854.

—Dr. S. G. Howe and other citizens of Boston are petitioning the Massachusetts Legislature to remove the restriction upon the mission of colored persons to theatres and other places of amusement.

—Lyman Sibbey has just been chosen clerk of the town of Birre, Mass., for the 47th time. The vote was unanimous. David T. Valentine, of this city, is another instance of a faithful officer whom successive corporations re-lect for long terms of years.

—Agassiz's museum in Cambridge, Mass., is prosperous, full and remarkable. The trustees, in their last report, say that from the cellar to the attic, in casks, in jars, and in boxes, all arranged and labelled, the specimens are crowded together, waiting for room in which to be displayed for the purposes of instruction. Even the roof does not escape service.

—The Pittsburgh Chronicle says: "The number of barrels of oil yearly brought to this city for the past six years has been: in 1859, 7,637; in 1860, 17,161; in 1861, 34,102; in 1862, 171,174; in 1863, 175,181; in 1864, 476,939 (not inclusive of 78,326 barrels delivered in bulk outside the city limits), and already in 1865 we have had brought here 24,704, making a total of 965,988 barrels of oil brought through this city up to the 4th of March, 1865."

—A Canada paper thus records the fluctuation of gold in New York. The price in the early part of the year 1862 was as low as 101, but on the 16th of Oct. it had risen to 137, and the year closed with the price at 133. Early in 1863, in February, just before the passage of the Gold tax bill, the highest price, 122, the year reached, 172; in August the lowest price, 122, the year closed with the price at 152. In 1864, the lowest price was at the beginning of the year, when it was as low as 151; the highest was in July. It is marked 284 on the 11th of July, and on the 1st 285. 1864 closed with the price a fraction above 226.

—The deaths in New York during the past week were 478; 104 men, 86 women, 163 boys and 125 girls—an increase of 3 upon the mortality of the previous week, and of 29 as compared with the mortality of the corresponding week of 1864. Of the deceased 220 were children under 5 years of age. The mortality by the principal diseases was as follows: Consumption, 71; inflammation of the lungs, 47; infantile convulsions, 37; infantile marasmus, 25; small-pox, 25; scarlet fever, 15; typhoid fever, 9; typhus fever, 6; deaths from external causes, 23.

—The house carpenters have had a meeting and resolved to demand \$3.50 per day wages.

—The new Tobacco Exchange, situated in Merchant's Building, 50 and 52 Pine street, was opened on the 14th of March. It was crowded with dealers, merchants, etc.

—The aggregate income of the inhabitants of Hudson county who pay income tax is over \$5,000,000 annual; tax, \$264,000.

—John Rafferty, the lecturer, delivered a discourse on the Irish Character, before the Fenian Brotherhood, on the 14th of March.

—The Chicago Tribune advertises for 500 tons of corn husks, of which to manufacture paper for its own use.

—Mr. Sumner's resolution declaring that under no circumstances would Government, after restoration of the Union, assume the payment of any part of the rebel debt, was prompted by letters from Europe, saying that one main element at work to sustain the rebel loan was the belief that one condition of peace would be a guarantee for the payment of their debt, or an assignment of public lands for that purpose.

—When gold falls to par, and Shylock's "occupation's gone," we expect a tremendous revival in the business of "old clo", at present abandoned for more lucrative transactions. Wall street and Chatham street will then resume their separate avocations.

—The Federal tax collected in the State of Nevada now amounts to \$50,000 per month.

—Los Angeles, California, has supplied 200,000 oranges to the San Francisco market from the crop of last year.

—The amount of native wine returned to the Federal Tax Collector, as having been sold in the 3d District of California, including San Joaquin, Contra Costa, Calaveras, Tehama, Stanislaus, Merced, Mariposa, Fresno and Tulare counties, is 18,784 gallons.

—The Austin, California, *Reefle* says that the petroleum found south of there on Tar Creek is quite dark, and considerably different in many respects. Perhaps the first mentioned is some new product unknown to science.

—It is a mooted question whether a hen ever lays more than one egg a day. John Wyman, Lockport, N. Y., says he obtained 12 eggs in one day from six black Spanish hens. They were fed upon soft sugar corn.

—Western.—The Western papers state that the winter now happily passing away has been the severest felt for 18 years. They attribute the raids made by the Indians partly to the machinations of the rebels and to the destitution caused by the inclemency of the weather.

—Southern.—The Southern papers show that they are more than ever quarrelling among themselves. The Richmond *Examiner*, in a pretended letter addressed to the editor, but which evidently bears the mark of having been written in their own office, attacks the rebel Congress, charging it with endeavoring to force Jeff Davis to resign; and among other things it says: "That there is a party of whippersnappers in and about Richmond cannot be denied. They are cowardly and cowardly, miserable wretches, who brought the war upon the country, and would now surrender to the enemy. We have no doubt but that there was a plan on foot to force Mr. Davis to resign, and that Mr. Stephens had consented to resign, so that Mr. Hunter, as President of the Senate, would become President. The plan, we hope and believe, has been frustrated. At any rate, the conspirators may understand that, if they should succeed, they will have placed a barren sceptre in their gripe, thence to be wrenched by an unlined hand, no son of theirs succeeding. Robert E. Lee, by and with the consent of the army and the people, will grasp the sceptre they may wrench from the hands of Mr. Davis, and wield it for the safety and security of his country's liberty and independence."

The Richmond *Dispatch* has an article urging the people to send contributions to feed the army, and adds: "Gov. Vance has issued an appeal to the people of North Carolina, calling for donations, sales or loans of supplies for the rebel army. He states that in consequence of interruption to our railroad communication by recent movements of the enemy, the subsistence of Gen. Lee's army has become jeopardized. For at least a few months that army will have to rely for subsistence upon North Carolina and Virginia alone. I am informed by the commissary department that the usual methods of collecting supplies will be insufficient for the purpose."

—A single day's issue of the Memphis *Bulletin* contains the following specimen of Southern barbarism: Two white men hung, two negroes hung, one Union man murdered, two negroes whipped almost to death, a mulatto man whipped to death and his master's house robbed, an unknown number of men carried off for conscription, more negroes whipped, hundreds of bales of cotton burned, and robberies too numerous to mention.

—Military.—Volunteer officers who remain in the service at the close of the war will receive three months' pay upon being mustered out of the service.

—It is said that Gen. Grant ordered Gen. Rosecrans to be removed from command, in consequence of his delay in joining Gen. Thomas.

—The 13th and 16th army corps having been reorganized by Maj.-Gen. Canby, by direction of the President, Maj.-Gen. Gordon Ganger is assigned to the command of the former, and Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith to the latter, their assignments to date from Feb. 18.

—Naval.—The London *Naval Gazette* says, that it considers the administration of the naval department as the most successful portion of the Lincoln Government.

—Personal.—Paul Morphy, the chess champion, is practicing law in New Orleans.

—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been induced by his congregation to abandon his lecturing tour, in consequence of which they have paid off a mortgage on house for \$7,500, and increased his salary to \$12,500.

—Bayard Taylor, so the New Orleans *Weekly Times* says, has abandoned authorship, and turned painter.

—Obituary.—At Madeira, 20th of Feb., Watts Sherman died of consumption, aged 53. He was the founder of the eminent banking firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

—Col. James W. Wallace, one of the editors of the Louisville *Journal*, died recently in that city. He was a well read and a vigorous writer.

—Madame Virginia Whiting Lorini, the well-known singer, died at Santiago de Cuba, recently. She was the daughter of Mr. Whiting, formerly the comedian of the Old Broadway Theatre, but now engaged in commercial pursuits.

—In this city on the 14th inst. died Henry Steinway, aged 34, one of the most eminent pianoforte manufacturers in the world, and a member of the well-known firm of Steinway & Sons. He had just returned from Cuba, whither he had gone for his health, in company with his friend the pianist Saar, who was suffering from the same complaint, consumption. Mr. Saar, however, died in Cuba. Mr. Steinway has left a widow and three children to mourn his early death, as well as a large circle of friends, by whom he was much beloved.

—Accidents and Offences.—A young girl in Leominster, Canada West, recently gave birth to three children. She is now under arrest for drowning them in a pail of water.

—Kennedy, alias Stanton, who was convicted of being a Southern spy, and for attempting to fire the hotels last Nov., has been sentenced to be put to death on the 24th of March.

—A number of farmhouses in Cape May county, N. J., have recently been robbed by a gang of marauders, supposed to be deserters. On Saturday night, the 10th of March, the people turned out and pursued the robbers, when a fight ensued. Two of the robbers were killed, and their bodies were found clad in Federal uniform. Their names are unknown. This gang of robbers have been living in caves in the neighborhood.

—Some burglars attempted to break into Mr. Cochran's house, 44th street; being aroused by the noise he got up, and shot one so severely that he died the next day in the hospital.

—A man named Donaldson was killed on the 14th inst. by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of a particular friend of his with whom he was skylarking.

—Art, Science and Literature.—More than 50,000 persons visited Mrs. Norton's statue of Zenobia while it was being exhibited in Boston.

—A posthumous work by Thomas Hood, called "Captain Masters's Children," is announced in London as on the eve of publication.

—The director of the Leipzig Theatre is about to try a bold experiment. Between the present time and June the whole cycle of Shakespeare's historical plays, from "Richard II." to "Richard III.," will be put upon the stage in chronological succession.

—"Enoch Arden" has been translated into German and French. The German translation is said to be good, but the French has not hit the spirit and pure idiom of the original. It has turned out to be the most lucrative, in point of pecuniary return, of all Mr. Tennyson's beautiful productions.

—The London *Athenaeum* says that "Ladies' heroes may be ranked in two principal divisions—gloomy miseries, who compel pretty women to marry them by the power of the eye; and irascible scamps, with whom all the fair sex fall in love from their own delightful instinct."

—During the recent carnival in Italy Verdi's "Ballo

in Maschera" was the opening opera at eleven theatres; "Traviata" at five; "Lombardi" at four; "Favorita" at nine; "Trovatore" at three; "Lucia" at seven; and Pedrotti's "Tutti in Maschera," one of the most charming little operas ever written, and which earns to enjoy a popularity almost equal to that of "Un Ballo in Maschera," at seven. Four years ago fifteen theatres opened with "Trovatore" and twenty-three with "Traviata."

—Foreign.—The trade returns of England show that the exports of Great Britain last year were \$800,000,000, and its imports \$1,000,000,000. If the balance of trade theory is true, Great Britain is going to ruin at the rate of \$200,000,000. For several years past the balance against England has averaged over \$150,000,000 per annum.

—The last number of the *Popular Science Review* contains an article by Baron Liebig, drawing attention to the feasibility of producing a substitute for human milk. The *Lancet* describes the baron's process as one "for preparing an artificial liquid equal in nutritive value to the milk of the mother." Strange to say, milk is one of the ingredients of the new pabulum.

—The Chamber of Deputies of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg has just pronounced in favor of the abolition of capital punishment by 56 votes against 27.

—No new theatre will be licensed in England unless the means of egress are such as to secure the safety of the audience. The idea is worthy of imitation in New York.

## SPRING BONNETS.

As according to Tennyson, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," so, in that vernal and gushing season, does a young maid's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of bonnets. A privilege not accorded to mortals in general has this week been ours; we have peeped at the glories reserved for Opening Day, and garnered up in Mrs. Ballings's Boudoir of Millinery, No. 318 Canal street. Limited space compels us to merely suggest the beauties of a few where all are lovely. White chip bonnet with crystals; trimmings of scarlet geraniums and white lilies of the valley, white ribbon and black lace. Bonnet of white tulle, puffed; trimmed with violets and ribbon of the same color. Lavender crêpe bonnet, with pink roses, white blonde lace and strings to match the crêpe. White crêpe, puffed with cherries, myrtle leaves, and white lilies of the valley. White chip bonnet, with pale mauve flowers and ribbon; strings trimmed with white lace and lilies of the valley. Even in these days of petroleum and greenbacks it will be a further inducement for ladies to know that they can buy their bonnets from Madame Ballings at 25 per cent. less than at any other establishment of equal elegance in the city.

## GREAT HAUL OF BOUNTY JUMPERS AND BOUNTY BROKERS In New Jersey.

SATURDAY, March 11, will be ever memorable in the annals of masculinity, since on that day Col. Baker sprung a mine upon them which resulted in the capture of 27 bounty brokers, and over 200 bounty jumpers.

About two weeks ago, he quietly brought his influence to bear on the recruiting-station, in the basement of Odd Fellows' Hall, in Washington street, Hoboken. Col. Bages, a regular officer of the 14th U. S. Infantry, took charge. Every day men known to be bounty jumpers were enlisted to the number of two or three to three or four per day, and allowed to escape out of the back of the building. The jumpers, with the bounty in their pockets, went to their friends, and bragged that they had a "soft thing" in Hoboken; they had been over and got their "walk-away." Brokers known to control "jumpers" were allowed peculiar facilities for getting in men. Before the end of a week there were a crowd of a hundred or two before the door, sometimes asking to be enlisted, and urging favored brokers to give them a chance. They were told that arrangements were not made for taking in many yet, but they would be more perfect, so that they could take in any number. On Friday, the "arrangements" were perfected.

It was estimated that in the morning there were a crowd of nearly 1,500 there. They were taken inside to be enlisted with an exceeding rapidity. They all came from New York, but were men of such cheerful dispositions, that the strict guard kept over men taken in at the New York City Headquarters, although the bounty was the same, was something which they preferred not to experience. The ferry-loads were crowded in the morning, when men usually travel from Hoboken to New York, not the other way. One broker took over a squad of about 50.

The cheerfulness of the jumper, after coming in for enlistment, when he found what the arrangements were for taking in men, grew gradually small and less, until it finally left him alto-gether, and gave way, and the poor jumper became to dull despondency and dumb forgetfulness a prey. The stairs into the basement were wide and spacious, the basement is large and commodious; the happy jumper passed the officer, and was taken into the surgeon's apartment; from there he was taken out into the mustering office, and his progress from there was rather sudden, until he went up two pair of stairs, into the large hall or barroom in the upper part of the building. The rooms were so arranged that, after passing into the surgeon, the recruit became invisible to those in waiting. So it was that several hundreds of recruits were taken in, and put upstairs into the large room. No doubt they began to feel uncomfortable and surprised, when they saw their friends coming in so rapidly, and found themselves surrounded by 50 soldiers, with loaded muskets.

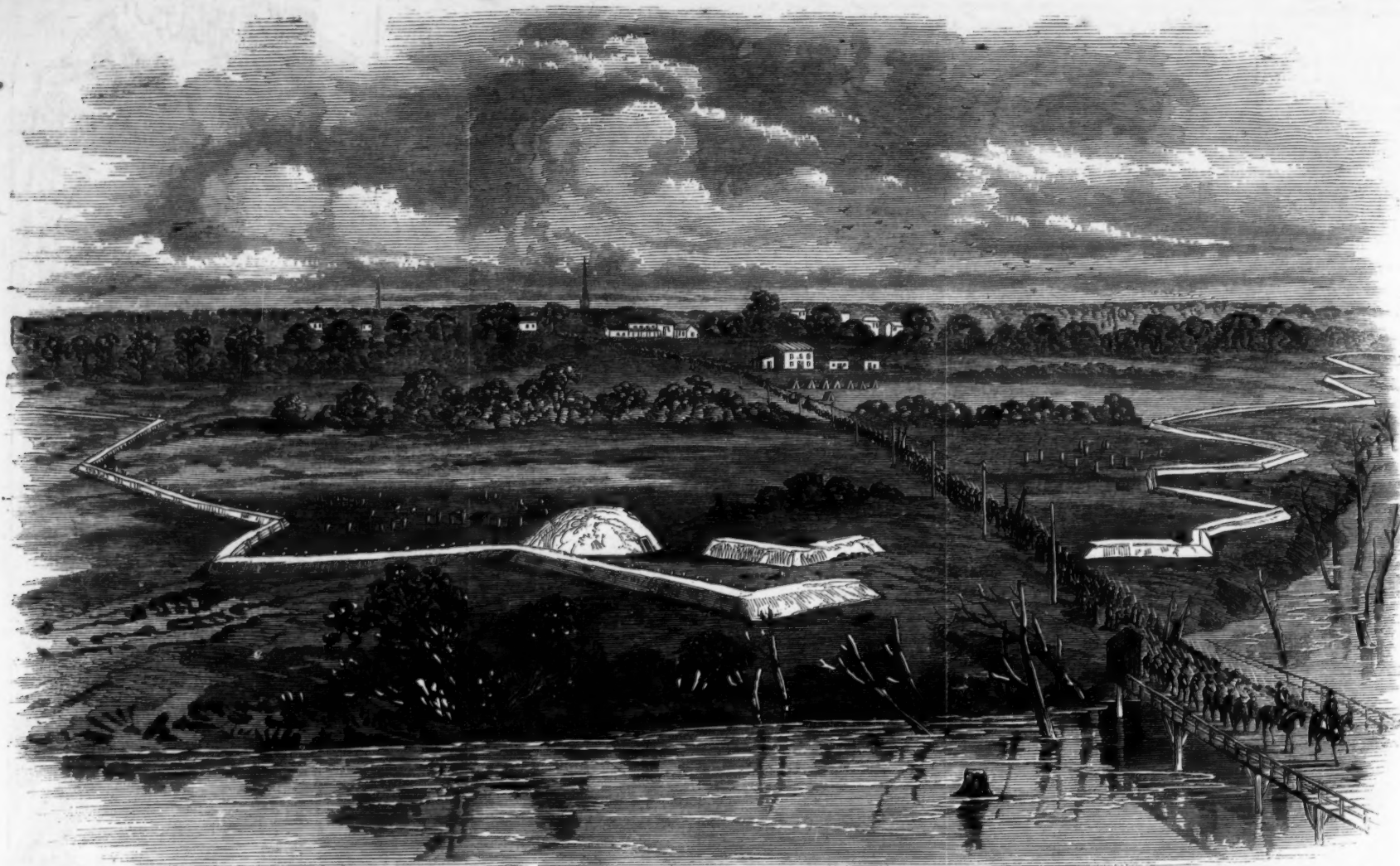
Between two and three o'clock, the bounty-jumpers got on talking of what was going on inside Odd Fellows' Hall. Some jumper may have communicated with his friends through a window, or the fact of so many being enlisted and none getting away, or receiving any money, may have aroused suspicion. At all events there started a general skedaddle, until a jumper could not have been hired for any consideration to enter Washington street. They did not even dare to go back to New York by the lower ferry, but went to the 2nd street ferry, and some, it was stated, even to W. Hackensack, for fear of arrest.

Meanwhile their friends were lodged securely in Odd Fellows' Hall. They were a very motley crowd to look upon. They nearly filled the hall. The benches were placed as closely as possible on one side, and they sat closely together, resting their heads as best they might; some with their coats and hats off, some conversing, and altogether resembling the crowd in the pit of one of the Bowry theatres, grown a little older.

About eight o'clock, Col. Baker went over to take his final measures. Proceeding to a small room, he seated himself at a table, with a person to note down their names; on each side of the Colonel was a barrack, one empty to receive—the other filled with shackles. The bounty-jumpers were brought in two by two, and the contents of their pockets were deposited in the empty one, while in exchange they were linked together by a pair of shackles, and fastened red to safe custody.

The manner in which the bounty-brokers were arrested was very ingenious. When they asked for money they were told to go to the ferry and wait till the officer came; as he said this, he laid his hand carelessly on the broker's shoulder, on which he left a small chalk-mark. In blissful ignorance of this distinguishing symbol, the unsuspecting broker walked down to the Hoboken ferry, where he was caught by a detective, who invited him into the Hoboken Hotel, where he was quietly bagged. Our artist has depicted the most prominent scenes with his usual graphic power, and we present them as a novel feature in the history of the present rebellion.





GEN. SCHOFIELD'S ARMY ON THE MARCH FOR GOLDSBOROUGH, MARCH 6—REBEL WORKS IN THE REAR OF WILMINGTON—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

#### WILMINGTON, N. C.

Our Artist's sketches of Wilmington, and the incidents connected with its capture by the Union army under Gen. Terry, are very interesting and important, since its occupation by us hermetically seals the rebels from their sympathising European confederates.

Wilmington is the capital of New Hanover county, N. C., situated on the east bank of Cape Fear river, 34 miles from the sea, 135 miles from Raleigh and 180 from Charleston. It contains 3 banks, 6 newspapers, 7 steam saw-mills, 2 planing-mills, 3 rice-mills, 10 turpentine distilleries, and 9 machine shops. It had a daily steam communication with Charleston, and also with Fayetteville, which is about 80 miles up Cape Fear river, and which town was occupied by Gen. Sherman on the 10th of March. Its foreign commerce was very considerable till 1861, and since then it has done an immense business with blockade-runners. Its population in 1850

was 3,097; in 1840, 4,744; in 1850, 7,264; and in 1860, 9,553.

In addition to the birdseye view we publish of Wilmington thus rescued from rebellion, we give an exact sketch of the rebel defences in the rear of the city, which had been constructed in the vain hope of stopping the victorious march of our army. They were built with the usual engineering skill of the enemy.

We likewise engrave a very graphic view of our reinforcements crossing the river to Wilmington. These were landed at Smithville—already illustrated in a former number—a small town at the Atlantic entrance of the river, and about 30 miles from Wilmington. A glance at our cut renders further description needless.

In our account of the capture of Fort Anderson we mentioned that the precipitate retreat of the garrison was owing principally to the alarm created in the mind of the rebel commander at the unexpected sight of one of our dreaded monitors steaming past it, and in water so

shallow that they considered themselves perfectly safe. We give a sketch of this bogus monitor, which was made of wood, and planned, we believe, by the gallant Cushing, whose achievements we have already chronicled.

The sketch representing the issuing of rations to the inhabitants of Wilmington is another evidence of the desperate straits to which the Southern States are reduced. Our Artist says: "It was a painful sight to see how the once haughty citizens of the great blockading emporium came for their family supplies. As usual, in similar cases, they were most courteously treated by the Federal authorities."

#### Recruiting Office for Contrabands.

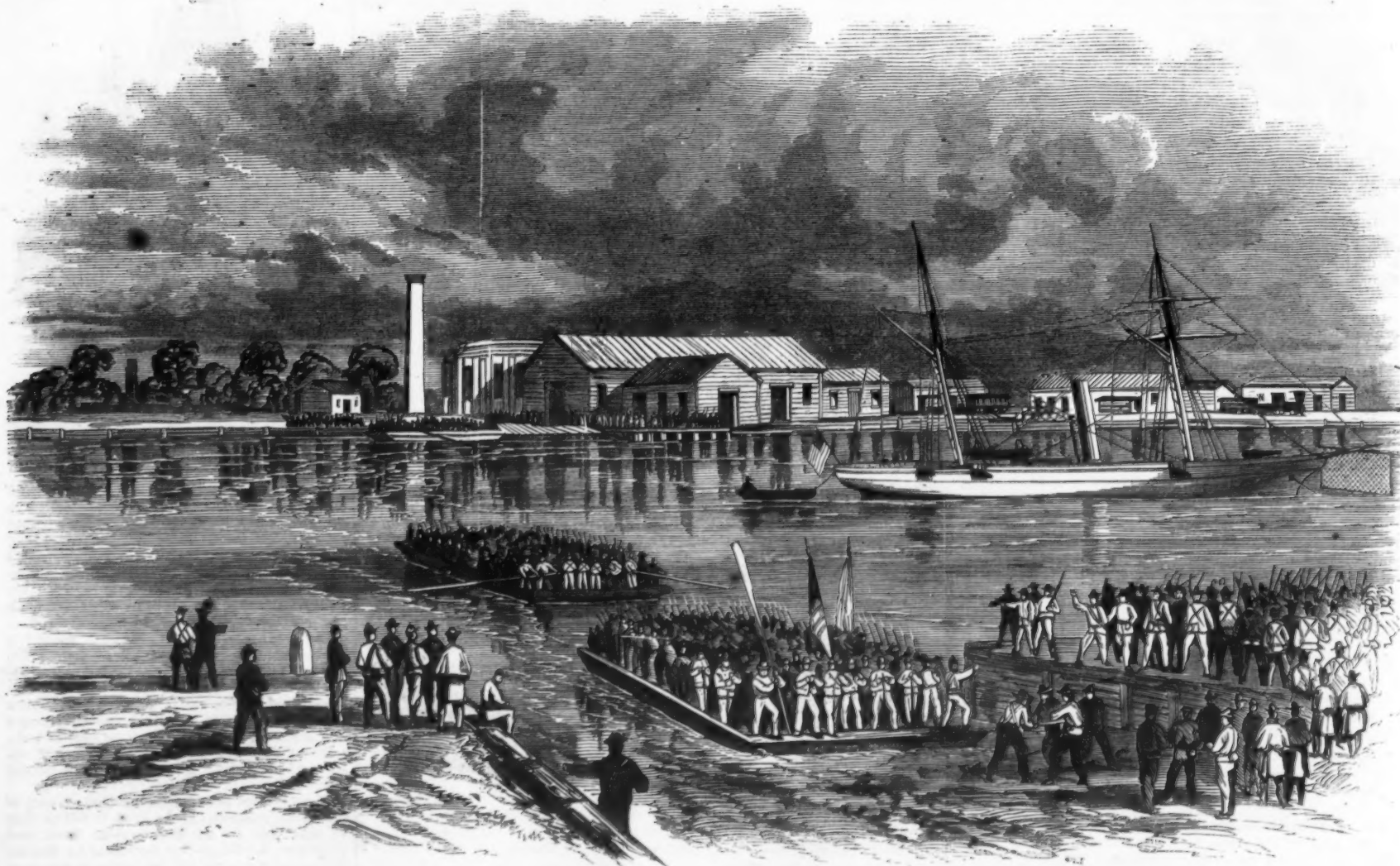
There is something so strange and startling in raising a colored regiment in the very nest of slavery that it is impossible to regard it without the utmost interest. Our Artist says: "Nearly all the negroes who arrive in

town go direct to the recruiting office, and are 'made into soldiers,' as they facetiously term it—an hour afterwards they are to be seen parading through the most frequented streets, giving themselves the most remarkable airs. It is Pompey all over."

Our Artist adds: "I had a hearty laugh to-day over a puppet-show which some enterprising Yankee had constructed. I sketched a few of the people gathered around, as a sort of character scene."

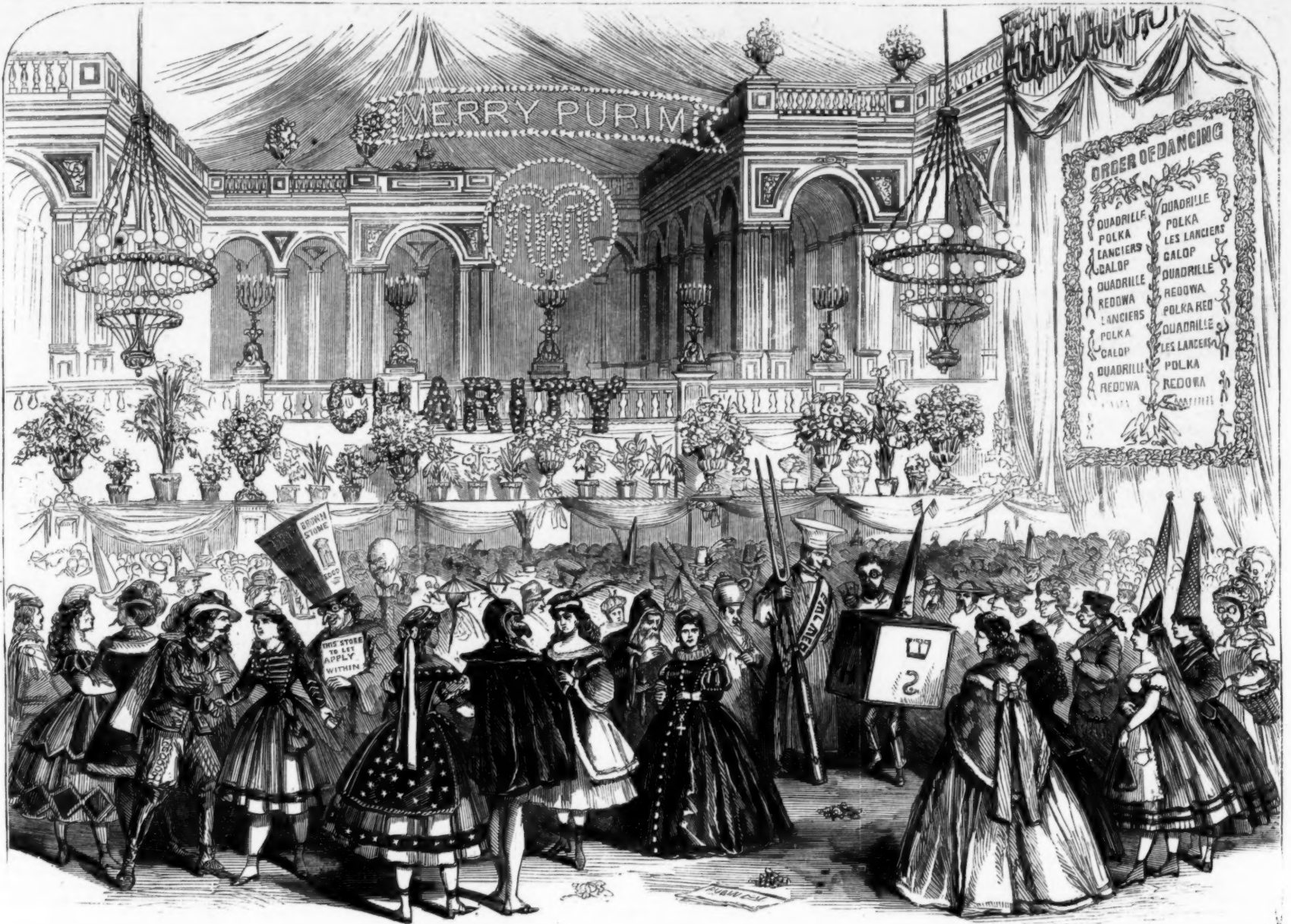
The late Cardinal Wiseman was 63 years old and was the seventh Englishman who has achieved that rank in the Romish church since the reformation. He had considerable fame as an author and lecturer.

The imports of Nassau, the great emporium for rebel blockade runners, were \$1,372,920 in 1861, and \$21,476,580 in 1864. Real estate advanced 400 per cent. during the same time.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR TERRY'S AND SCHOFIELD'S ARMIES LANDING AT SMITHVILLE, N. C., PREPARATORY TO MARCHING TO WILMINGTON.





THE HEBREW PURIM BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MARCH 14.

## COUSIN MARY.

I AM sitting, cousin Mary,  
Now beneath the rising moon,  
While the air is rich with fragrance  
And the night is warm as June.



And I think as the silver crescent  
Sails through the vault of blue,  
That far off, in the land of flowers,  
You sit and watch it too.

I am thinking, cousin Mary,  
How we used to watch it shine,  
As we sat among the roses,  
With your dear hand clasped in mine;  
While a soft and tender radiance  
Shone within your eyes of blue,  
As if the Angels whispered, dear,  
Holy, blessed thoughts to you.

There was something, cousin Mary,  
In the glance of your blue eyes  
That would make my pulse bound quicker  
And the soft tears gently rise;  
Then my heart would tremble strangely  
With a thrill half sad, half sweet,  
As I sat 'mid the budding roses  
In the moonlight, at your feet.

'Twas the pure gush, cousin Mary,  
Of a brother's holy love,  
That would thrill my breath so sweetly,  
And my heart's deep pulses move.

It was not an idle passion,  
Lighter than a poet's spell,  
But pure and deep as limpid waters  
Of the fairies' mystic well.

May God bless you, cousin Mary,  
With a long and happy life;  
May your days ne'er know a shadow  
Of dark care or sullen strife—  
May the Angels ever whisper  
Gentle thoughts all pure and sweet,  
As they whispered 'mid the roses,  
When I heard them, at your feet.

For the last two centuries no ruler of France  
has been succeeded by his own son.



"WILL YOU ACCEPT THESE FLOWERS—THEY ARE VERY FRAGRANT?"

## AUNT GRACIE'S SHIP.

"Now, aunt Gracie, for that love story," cried brother Will, throwing himself on a stool at her feet, and glancing with supreme satisfaction at the glowing coal fire.

Brother Will always reminds me of a great, good-natured Newfoundland dog, and never more so than to-night, as he stretched himself in the warmth of the fire, shook back his long hair and looked up lovingly into aunt Gracie's face. Will is still in college, so his long hair is excusable.

"Love story," said aunt Gracie, softly, "did I promise to tell you a love story?" "You promised to tell us how you came to be married," cried I, "and of course that's just the same thing."

"Ah, that's the way you make it out, is it?"

and she looked at me with a smile that seemed to say that there might be worse logic than that in the world.

"Aunt Gracie, you must know, is not our own auntie at all, but just a dear friend of mamma's, and of those persons to whom it seems the most natural thing in the world to give love names.



WAR'S ALARMS IN CINCINNATI.

When we were children her visits were looked forward to almost as much as Christmas, and her coming always made a holiday in the house.

Two years ago mama went east, for the purpose of being near brother Will, while he was in college; and I do believe one of the greatest griefs we all had in going was the thought of being so far from aunt Gracie. But she promised to write to us often, and did, every week to mama, and to Will and to me whenever we took the trouble to write to her, but never otherwise. She had her own ideas about things, and used to quote an old proverb that to preserve friendship the balance of good offices must be maintained. Will and I were always going to write, but, scatter-brains that we were, the occasions when we actually did it were rare. But aunt Gracie writes the nicest letters in the world, and when we got real homesick to hear from her we used to make a desperate effort and send a few pages of our trash, knowing what delightful sheets we should get in reply.

When we were little things, wanting all sorts of impossible possessions, she used to tell us that we must wait for her ship to come home, and there were few things that we wished for that we did not believe would one day arrive in that wonderful ship. As we grew older, she used to tell



us that it had not yet been able to run the blockade of adverse fortune, but that it was sure to come some day. We had full faith in it and in all the wealth with which we freighted it. Imagine our delight when mama said to us one day:

"Well, my dears, your aunt Gracie's ship has come home, and she wants us to go and spend the holidays with her."

"Oh, delightful!" we both exclaimed. "Can we go? But what do you mean about the ship? Of course we know now that aunt Gracie never meant a real ship, but some wonderful good fortune or other. What can it be?"

Mama looked very knowing, but only held aunt Gracie's letter towards us, saying:

"There is her own word for it."

We read:

"Tell Willie and Ruth that my ship has come at last, and I want them to spend the holidays with me, so that we can examine its treasures together."

"How odd! what do you suppose she means, mama?"

"How can I tell, my dears!"

But Will and I exchanged glances; we knew by her eyes—mama has lovely eyes—that she knew all about it. After all, we didn't care to know; not after we were certain of going. It was delightful, we said, to have something to conjecture about, especially when we were sure to find it all out at last.

The most provoking thing was the amused look with which mama listened to our conjectures. Well she might look amused, for we never came near the truth; but hit upon the wildest and most improbable things. Such as that aunt Gracie had had a fortune left her by some rich relative that she never heard of; or that she had written a book and made one; or that some rich person had taken a fancy to her—nothing more likely—and died, leaving her mistress of house and lands.

Journeys, like conjectures, must have an end, and in due time we arrived at the end of ours—the depot in Cincinnati. Imagine our surprise when an elegant, middle-aged gentleman stepped up to mama, and said interrogatively:

"Mrs. Douglas?"

To which she bowed, and answered:

"Mr. Walbridge, I presume."

And the next instant they were shaking hands, and smiling into each other's faces, as if they had been dear friends meeting after long absence, instead of perfect strangers as I knew they were. Will and I looked at each other. We were so perplexed, for you know mama's dignity, and how unapproachable she is to strangers. Our mystification increased when we heard Mr. Walbridge say:

"Grace said you wouldn't expect to meet her here, but at the door of her own house."

"I understand," said mama, but here she seemed to remember us, and, indeed, I think it was time. "My son, Mr. Walbridge; my daughter Ruth."

Very satisfactory to him no doubt; he seemed to have no difficulty in defining and localizing "my son and daughter," but who the mischief was he, this elegant Mr. Walbridge, whom neither Will or I had ever heard of, but who talked of aunt Gracie's house, and seemed to have taken possession of us all! Seemed? he had. He had taken the checks for our baggage, given orders about it in a dozen low, rapidly uttered words, put us into a carriage that was waiting—a private carriage I noticed—tucked us in with a number of buffalo robes and Afghans, and now sat there opposite mama, smiling and talking as if he had known her twenty years.

I didn't mind much which way we went, I was so taken up looking at Mr. Walbridge.

Just the sort of man, thought I, that any young girl would like to call uncle, or have for a guardian. A smile like sunshine; eyes brimful of kindness, and yet with a look in them that would make one just the least bit afraid. Lips fashioned for saying Yes, but evidently capable of a most uncompromising No should duty require it.

His hair and beard were just touched with silver—I doubt if I shall ever be able to fall in love with a man till he is gray—and his manner the perfection of courtly breeding, without a touch of stiffness or formality. I was looking away but listening, and thinking how irresistible that sort of voice must be in a lover, when the carriage turned from the road. It was entering the grounds of a suburban villa, and there, among the trees, was the villa itself. No great uncouth creation of brick and mortar, towering up square and uncompromising as if bent upon looking nature out of countenance; but one's very ideal of a home, with verandas, and bay windows, and gables, with picturesque chimneys and overhanging eaves, and a great willow drooping at one side. Just the sort of house aunt Gracie had pictured to us as the one she would have when her ship came in, and there in the doorway was aunt Gracie herself, looking so handsome and ten years younger than I had ever seen her.

She and mama were in each other's arms in a moment, and what seemed odd, they both cried, though they were laughing all the time too; and then she kissed brother Will and me, and Mr. Walbridge stood there, looking, it seemed to me, as if he was both pleased and proud that we were all so fond of her. She went upstairs with us, and showed us our rooms, one large one with two smaller ones opening out of it. Then our trunks were brought up, and she told us we must dress, for there would be company to dinner. She would stay to help mama, and see how we all looked, and so I did not have an opportunity to find out anything about Mr. Walbridge, or the wonderful ship.

Sure enough, when we went to the parlor there was quite a room full of people, and we all had to be introduced; but somehow it was not a bit awkward, and in five minutes we were quite at ease. I was not long in the room before I knew

that, however it had come about, aunt Gracie was married. Evidently Mr. Walbridge was master of the house and she its mistress.

Somehow I had never thought of the possibility of aunt Gracie marrying; perhaps because she seemed so complete and happy in herself. Now I was dying to know all about it, and so I could see was Will. The minute we got to our rooms, which was not till ever so late, we both pitched at mama with questions.

"It's of no use," said she, laughing; "I shan't tell you a word. Your aunt Grace forbids it; but she said I might tell you that the first evening we are alone she will tell you the whole story. Till then you are to possess your soul's impatience—if you can—quite certain that impatience will do no good."

"Now, mama, if that isn't too bad," we ejaculated, in the same breath, but there was no help, the decree had gone forth.

In the days that succeeded we exhausted that affluence of diction for which young people are said to be remarkable, in praising the house, the grounds, the furniture, the dinners, aunt Gracie's exquisite dresses and Mr. Walbridge's hospitality, dignity and manly beauty.

I thought the people never would go, so that we could have that evening to ourselves. There were other guests staying in the house, and people driving out from town to dinner, and parties made up to go in town to the opera, and tableaux, and to private theatricals; in short, no end of gay doings, and then so many delightful people. It seemed to me that I had never met with so many in my whole life before, though whether it was that the people were really so charming in and of themselves, or that only what was most agreeable in them was called out, is a question that I have never quite settled.

Brother Will says, "if a Polar bear were brought into aunt Gracie's parlor, she and Mr. Walbridge would develop something genial and loveable in him," and I don't know but they would.

Finally, the last batch of guests disappeared. New Year's Day, with its calls—which ill this year I had always thought such a bore—was over, we had a quiet dinner, and Mr. Walbridge, to whom I believe aunt Gracie had given a hint, had betaken himself to the library, with the excuse of business letters to write. There was just we four in the parlor. Aunt Gracie in one of those luxurious crimson armchairs which seemed to have been made expressly for her, with brother Will at her feet; mama on the other side of the fireplace, with me seated on a hassock beside her, for I liked to get far enough away from aunt Gracie to see her to advantage.

"Now for the love story," repeated Will, "and I hope it's a good long one, for I've got fixed so comfortably I shan't want to move for the next two hours. It's jolly to sit here so warm and easy, and hear the wind sweeping across the lawn, and tugging at the great willow just outside the window."

"Yes, aunt Gracie," I interposed, "you must tell us every word of it. There must be no skipping or cutting it short. We want you to tell it just as if you sat here alone, and were thinking it all over to yourself."

A shadow fell upon aunt Gracie's face, and she looked towards the library door with a little sigh. Mama noticed it and pressed my hand, which rested in hers. We both knew she was thinking of the years she had spent alone, and how sad it would be to have them return. It was gone, though, in an instant. Taking a fan from the table and holding it between her face and the fire, she smiled over at mama and began:

You know, Margaret, I spent the summer of 1862 in Cincinnati. Dear Jennie Dorn wanted to go with her husband and babies to the seaside, and there was her house too full of pretty things to be shut up, and containing too many valuable things to be trusted to the mercy of housebreakers and the doubtful honesty of servants. She wrote me about the dilemma she was in, and I packed a trunk, went in town and took possession. It was a satisfactory arrangement to us both; it relieved Jennie of anxiety and gave me an interest, for, as you know, I doat upon housekeeping, and, next to having a house of my own to queen it in, enjoy making believe in that of some friend. Jennie understands me perfectly, and gave me leave to preserve, pickle and can to my heart's content. I might "put up" what I chose, and try as many experiments as I liked. There was an open account at the grocer's, when I wanted money I could send to the store and get it, and if I was lonesome I was to invite some one I liked to come and stay with me. Could anything have been more delightful?

The family got off the last of June. The girl (for I stipulated that I should be bothered with but one) put the house in order, shut out the dust and daylight from the unoccupied rooms, and converted the long dining-table into a round table for two. A married brother of Mr. Dorn's, whose wife had also gone to the seaside, slept at the house and took his breakfasts. Instead of dinner I had lunch brought me on a tray, and I generally managed to have some friend opposite me at tea. Miss Atwell, who lives, you know, only two squares from the Dorns, was a great resource, we saw each other daily. All the fashionables were out of town, which made it delightful for the sensible people who were left. No necessity for sitting in starchy dignity to receive calls, or putting on uncomfortable things to go out and make them. It seemed to have forgotten how to rain, and the weather was awfully hot. Miss Atwell used to send her girl early in the morning with a note, "Will you come and picnic in my parlor to-day? It is cooler than yours." And I would write "Yes," put two bottles of porter in a basket and go. At other times my girl, who rejoiced in the remarkable name of Awmy, used to carry a note from me, "Will you come to tea? Watlies;" and she would answer "Yes," and come. Such a rare woman is Miss Atwell! I wish,

Margaret, you knew her. She is one of the very few women in this world who reach middle life unmarried without being embittered or dwarfed by it. Large-brained and large-hearted, well-bred and unexceptionably proper, but without a touch of prudery, and like Mrs. Browning's Lady Geraldine, with "sympathies so rapid, open, free as bird on branch," a person who always says the right thing at the right time, who knows what ought to be done and how to do it, who is always equal to any emergency, and neither too great nor too little for any occasion.

I used to delight in making our little teas dainty as possible; whitest of linen, brightest of silver, and clearest of cut-glass did honor to these occasions, to say nothing of an exquisite *l'été-à-l'été* teaset, a present to Jennie from Mr. Dorn's bachelor brother Ned. There it had stood on the sideboard ever since the Christmas Day it was sent home, tantalizing me beyond measure with the sight of beauty unconsecrated by use. I had made the right to drink tea out of those cups one of the conditions of my taking charge of the house.

"What were they like, aunt Gracie?" I asked.

"Do tell us about them."

There were two cups and saucers, a teapot, sugarbowl and cream pitcher, all of the finest white china, on a tray of the same material. They were thin as an eggshell, and exquisitely ornamented with black and gold. Tea drank out of an ordinary cup is just green or black; but out of such a cup as that it is nectar, and suggests Hebe and Ganymede. Miss Atwell and I grew eloquent as we sipped. We discussed war measures and the state of the country, the comparative merit of rival generals, and the probable future of the negro race. We agreed with the ancients, that the "mills of God grind slowly," also surely, and that when he puts the nations to school, individual aims and aspirations must be humble and stand aside. Books, too, received their share of attention. "Les Misérables" was just out, and on it we, a grave and dignified committee of two, sat in judgment. Plot, incidents, characters, moral influence were duly considered; and the work, upon the whole, pronounced a great one—though if Victor Hugo had consulted us, we could, without doubt, have made some valuable suggestions.

The days went too fast, for I dare hardly tell you how much I enjoyed them. "I'm going to bring Sam to see you," said George Dorn one morning, setting down his coffee-cup and blushing to the roots of his hair. George has a habit of blushing, and is, besides, one of those remarkably silent persons whom you never think of trying to entertain, and whose speech, when he does open his mouth, is almost as portentous as that of Balaam's ass. He was so absorbed in the wretched state of the country and in the miserable condition of mankind generally, that it seemed quite an impertinence to be happy in his presence. Looking at his pale, woe-begone face—he was a victim to dyspepsia, poor fellow—I felt dreadfully rebuked for my own good health and spirits, and remorsefully did my best to tone down the exuberance of both during the daily half-hour we spent together. We used to meet at the breakfast-table morning after morning, and run our opposition lines of thought without once crossing each other's track by speech; the present outbreak, therefore, was little less than miraculous.

"Who's Sam?" I inquired.

"Don't know Sam, eh? Ought to; got the tin—splendid fellow—just suit you."

"But who is he? Sam isn't the only name he has, I suppose?"

"Sam! No; he's got another name. Where's that newspaper gone? Ah, I've got it in my pocket. This man—"

But the sentence died away in a profound sigh, in the midst of which he put on his hat and went to find out new revelations of human misery. Wretch that I was, I couldn't help laughing as I looked after him. It did seem so little worth while to convert oneself into a walking epitome of sorrows past, present and to come. It was a lovely morning, and I put on my bonnet and went round to the market. I was cogitating peaches. How many should I put up? What proportion should be canned? What preserved? How many jars brandied and how many pickled? Of the many varieties which was best? Clingstones for pickling and putting up in brandy, say the cook-books, but who that has tried to manage a brandy-peach at a party, with light kids and best clothes, has not anathematized both cooks and clings? I shall get free stones was my final decision; but should they be those luscious golden peaches, with the crimson hearts, or the delicate white heaths. Truly the subject was a vast one.

Suddenly I walked into a pair of arms, and came out of my reverie to find Miss Atwell barring my way and laughing at my abstraction.

"You can't have heard the news," she cried, "or you would never be dreaming along in this fashion."

"News! No. What is it?" I asked, slightly becoming conscious that there were other interests in the world besides peaches.

"Why, the most wonderful news. The rebels, ever so many thousand strong, with Kirby Smith at their head, are in Kentucky, marching straight on Cincinnati, and are likely to make their appearance here at any hour. What do you think of that?"

"I think I don't believe it."

"Oh, it's true. It's on the bulletin boards, with a proclamation of martial law, and all the places of business are ordered to be closed, and all able-bodied men to report themselves immediately for military duty. I was just going uptown to see how things look under the new order. Come, go with me."

Fairly awake, I wondered I had not noticed the signs of unusual excitement everywhere apparent. Knots of men held brief but earnest consultation on the corners; women leaned out of windows and looked anxiously up and down the

street. Most of the places of business were already closed, but here and there a door stood ajar, showing those within making such hurried arrangements for security as the time allowed. Occasionally a man came out as we passed, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, with an air that seemed to question when he should have occasion to use it again. Every face wore a look of anxiety, and the great heart of the city seemed to throb painfully in the close atmosphere of the impending storm.

We wandered about for a long time, meeting every now and then an acquaintance metamorphosed by soldier clothes, who gave us a hurried greeting, and not unfrequently some alarming additional item of news. The prolonged drought had so shrunk the river that it was supposed to be fordable at several points within a comparatively short distance of the city. The military organizations formed on the breaking out of the war as a Home Guard, and for a time kept up with spirit, had gradually fallen off, and for a long time past had been merely nominal. There was no effective military force in the city, nothing to prevent the enemy taking possession of the Kentucky hills opposite and shelling us out, or marching in, in broad day, and plundering to their heart's content. Everything was to be done, and not twenty-four hours perhaps to do it in. Men were forbidden to leave the city; merchants, whose homes were in the country, sighed over swords and bayonets, which for the present they could not get, and engaged supper and a night's lodging in town.

One could not settle to much that day; but as I make it a rule never to believe in misfortunes till they actually come, I ate my lunch with a very good appetite, and made as careful a toilet as usual. Then I sat down by the window with my knitting, and waited to see what would happen next. It was pretty evident that an exodus was taking place. Baggage and express-wagons full of trunks rattled by, and carriages crowded with women, children, carpetbags and boxes. The whole population of well-dressed men had disappeared. A few old men, cripples and invalids tottered about, and boys, mad with excitement, raced hither and thither, anxious, if possible, to be in all parts of the city at once. I was about to sit down to my solitary tea, when George Dorn walked in.

"Scared?" was his laconic salutation.

"No; come and have some tea."

"Does anything ever disturb you?"

"Not often; where's the use?"

"Suppose the rebels come before morning?"

"I don't believe they'll come at all."

"But suppose they do?"

"Then they will. I shall close the blinds, hide the silver, and wait to see what next."

He began a laugh, but ended as usual in a sigh.

"I wish William was home. There's the store full of goods, and if anything happens—"

Another sigh, and having finished his tea without once noticing the exquisite cup in which it was served, he disappeared. I sat up late. At brief intervals the silence was broken by the heavy tramp of armed men, and the quick, sharp word of command. Two regiments passed the house. I went out to the gate and watched them as they marched up the street, their long line of bayonets undulating and glimmering in the moonlight.

It was after twelve when I retired. I do not know how long I had been asleep, when I was awakened by the ringing of a bell. I sleep through thunder and fire-bells—but this was peculiar. With slow, monotonous swell, peal after peal rolled over the city and died away among the hills. What was the message it was telling? I got up and went and leaned out at the window. Men and boys were hurrying by. A sash was thrown up in a neighboring house. "What is it?" called a voice to some one passing.

"The rebels have forded the river and are within five miles of the city."

It meant that, then. What was to be done? Should I call the girl? She would be frightened out of her wits, and worry me with her exclamations. After all they might not come. I had a great mind to go back to bed. Just then a clock struck three from a steeple in the neighborhood. In an hour more it would be daylight. I concluded to dress and be ready to receive the distinguished guests who were expected. Of course you know that it was a false alarm; but it had its effect in more thoroughly arousing the city. Every man capable of bearing a musket was converted into a soldier; every house was besieged by officers in quest of the raw material.

"How many able-bodied men have you here?" asked a particularly fierce-looking official of Awmy, who had answered the imperative summons of the doorbell.

"Only two, sir," replied the frightened girl, "Mrs. Barstowe and me."

Miss Atwell and I went out daily to reconnoitre, and took an immense interest in all that was going on.

A pontoon bridge had been built across the Ohio river, and over it poured an endless procession of soldiers, hastily armed countrymen, and wagons containing everything needful for the subsistence of an army. All the water carts were forced into service, so there was no more street sprinkling, and the dust was well nigh intolerable. Soldiers were pouring in from every direction, and the entire male population of the State seemed being emptied by that pontoon bridge, as through a funnel, into Kentucky.

Arrangements were made at the Fifth Street Market House for feeding the hungry multitudes that passed through on their way over the river, and wagons went each day from house to house collecting provisions for this public table.

Miss Atwell and I were sitting in the parlor one evening when we were startled by the violent ringing of the bell. The door opened to admit Dr. Grant. His leather shoes were soaked with

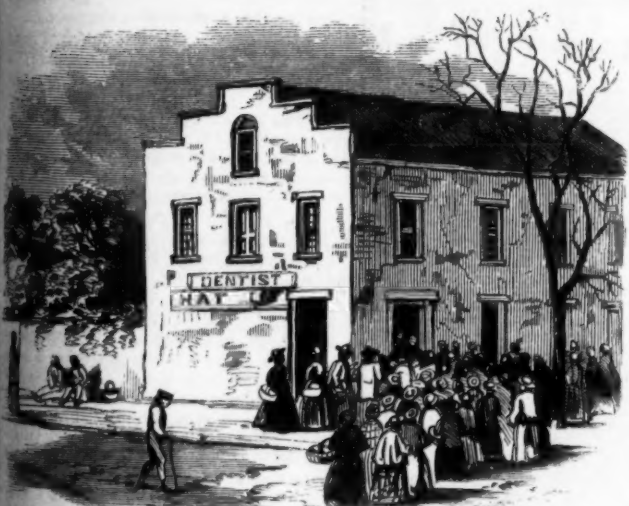




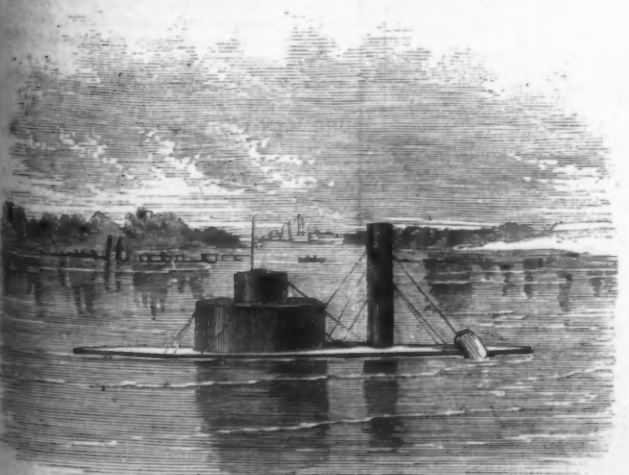
1. Geol. 2. Unitarian Church. 3. Lutheran Church. 4. Grace Church. 5. Normal School. 6. St. Paul's Church. 7. Orphan House. 8. Citadel Academy. 9. Citadel Square Church. 10. Pavilion Hotel. 11. Church of the Holy Trinity. BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—SKETCHED FROM THE MILLS HOUSE, LOOKING SOUTHWEST.



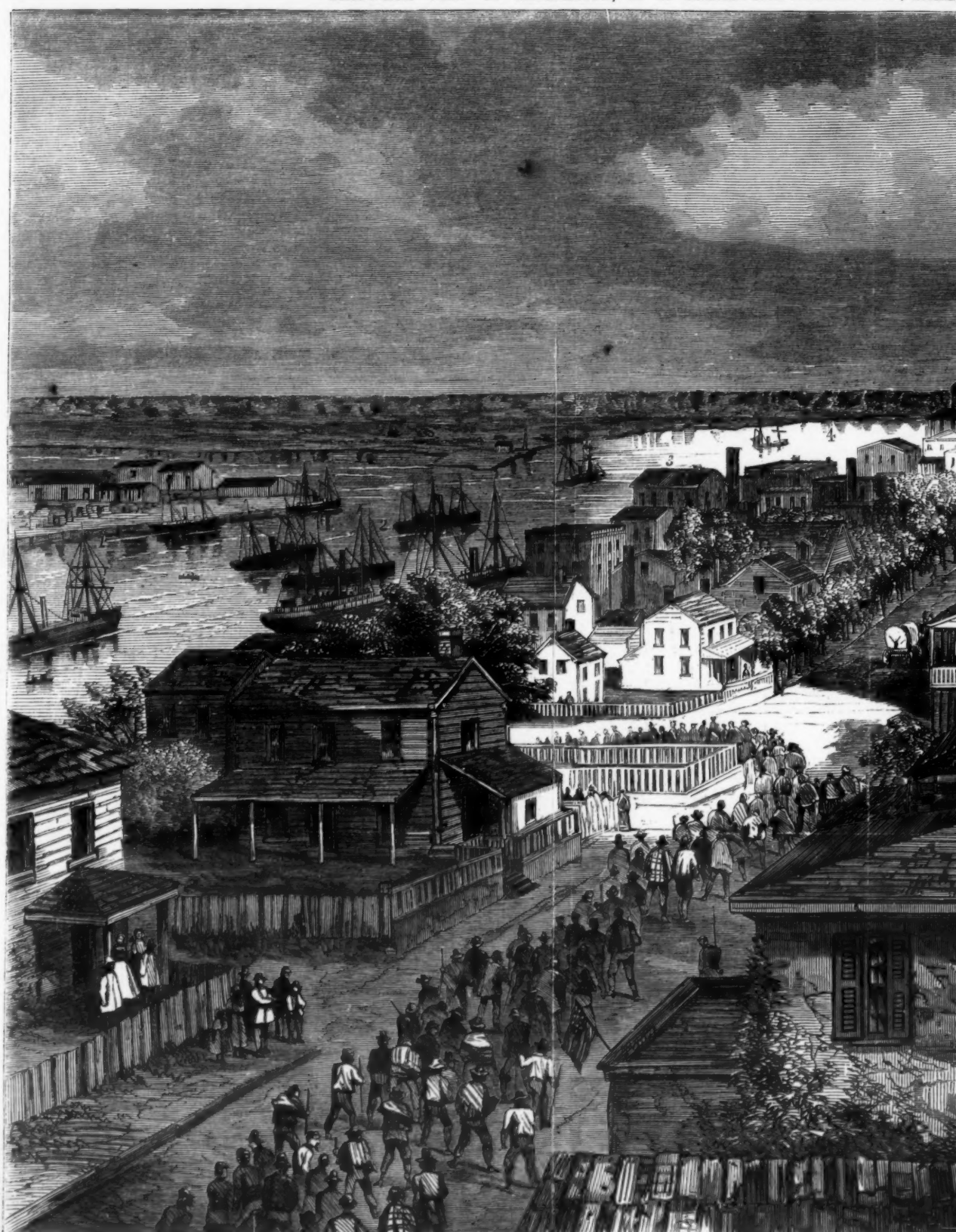
MARKET-HOUSE ON MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.—“HERE YOU ARE, BOYS, FIVE FOR A QUARTER.”



DISTRIBUTING RATIONS TO THE INHABITANTS OF WILMINGTON, N. C., AT THE POST COMMISSARY'S ON MARKET STREET.

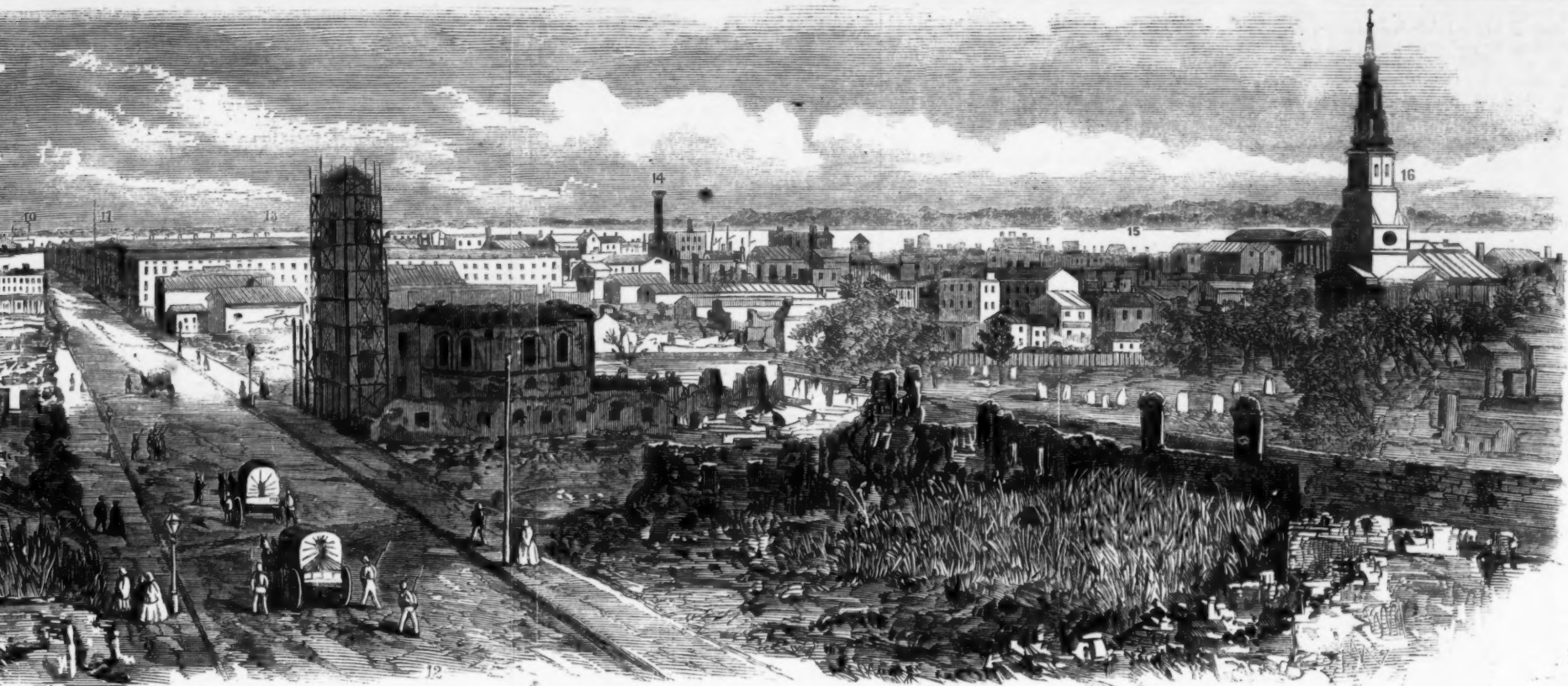


ADMIRAL FOSTER'S MONITOR, SUNK ABOUT TWO MILES BELOW WILMINGTON, N. C.



VIEW OF WILMINGTON, N. C., WITH RELEASED PRISONERS MARCHING ON THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM. 1. Blockade-runners were loaded with cotton here. 2. Porter's Fleet. 3. Customhouse.

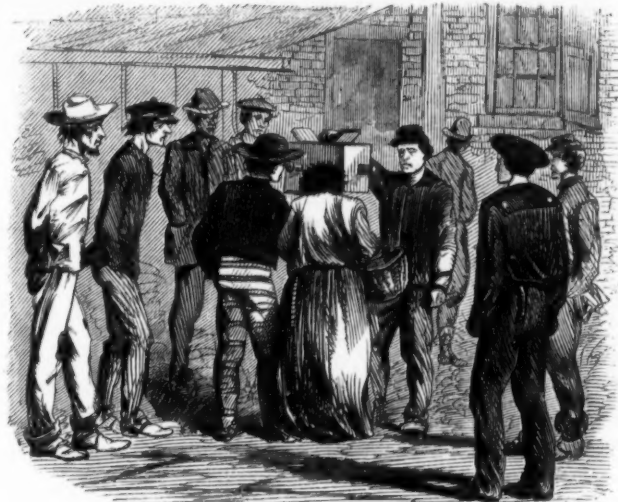




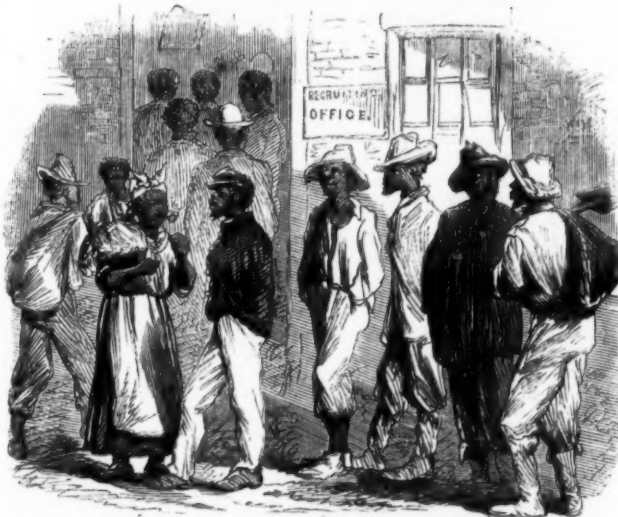
Hotel. 11. Charleston Hotel. 12. Meeting Street. 13. Circular Church. 14. Gas House. 15. Cooper River. 16. St. Philip's Church. 17. South Carolina Institute, where the Act of Secession was passed.  
HOUSE, LOOKING NORTH-NORTH-WEST, FEB. 22, 1865, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



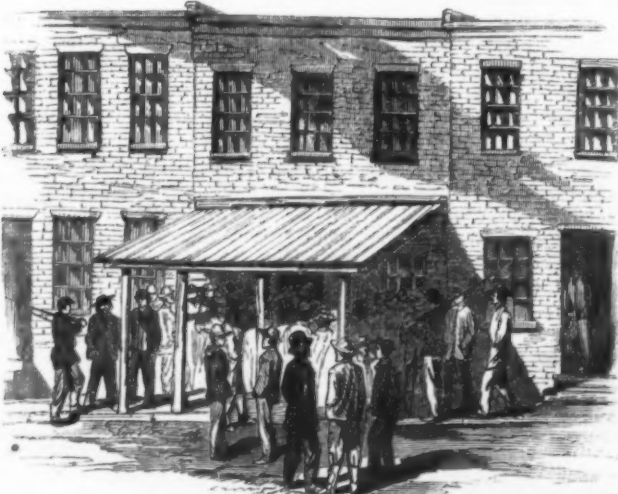
's Fleet. 3. Custom House. 4. Cape Fear River. 5. Town Hall.  
THEIR WAY TO THE TRANSPORTS.—SKETCHED FEB. 27, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH DECKER.



SIRSEE PANOFAMA IN WILMINGTON, N. C.—THE NATIVES YIELDING TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF YANKEE ENTERPRISE



RECRUITING OFFICE FOR CONTRABANDS ON MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.



CITIZENS OF WILMINGTON TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.



## THE LIBATION.

BY ROSENBERG.

## I.

Sweep out the remnants from the board  
By youth and passion spread,  
Yet, first be one libation poured—  
A goblet to the dead,  
Upon that living graveyard, Earth,  
Not in sorrow, but in mirth.

## II.

Spill the red cup to broken oaths  
By friend or woman sworn,  
Spill to the half-forgotten troths  
By time and trouble torn;  
As runs the wine, such memories go—  
Spill in laughter, not in woe.

## III.

Pour out to rent or rusted ties,  
Fond links of blood and birth—  
The frailest facts and largest lies  
That love can find on Earth.  
What matters it that such things be?  
Pour not out in grief, but glee.

## IV.

New lives and lies the void shall fill  
Old lies and loves have left,  
Nor scar anew the hardened will  
Of these in turn bereft;  
Then, care not that such things destroy—  
Spill the cup, and spill in joy.

TWO CHAPTERS  
IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

## CHAPTER I.

THE girl's face was partly turned away, because she could not quite control her features or keep down the rising tears of deep humiliation and pain; but soon a settled contempt and scorn drove all other expression from her countenance and dried the moisture in her eyes. She turned suddenly towards Clarence Vaunton, and the brilliant flashing of her eyes and her haughty bearing startled an exclamation from him.

"Lucie!" he said. "You are not angry—you must see that I am right in this matter. Of course it is as painful to me as it can be to you, but I would really be doing you an injustice in pressing my claims when you may do so much better. I never could forgive myself if I stood in the way of your obtaining as high a position as was yours before this unfortunate failure of your good father. You are, too, so accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth—no, I really never could forgive myself."

"Enough, sir—you are all that is generous and thoughtful; and, being so, I am sure you will pardon me if I must leave you now—my father requires my constant presence. Good morning, Mr. Vaunton."

And Miss Mansfield, with her wonted courtesy, rang for the servant to attend to Mr. Vaunton; and then slowly, like one in a dream, returned to her father's bedside.

The poor old man was stricken unto death; but Lucie did not know that the quiet, wan, sleeping face on which her eyes rested, as she seated herself, would soon be more quiet, more pallid, and more rigid in a deeper sleep.

A dreary sigh heaved its way up from her heart, while she sat there and thought of the future. The news of her father's failure had been a severe blow; but what was that to the mortification of having all her love, her vows, her promises, her betrothal ring, returned to her, with

"I thank you—you are very good—but this is no doubt a sacrifice, and very likely you can do better elsewhere."

But all this would have been as nothing if she had not loved the man; and, overcome by this thought, her face went down into her rosy-white hands, and the tears that blistered her cheeks were not so much of shame and anger as of keen, bitter disappointment and sorrow.

"I loved him so, oh! I loved him so! Clarence, Clarence, my only love! If I could even feel that it was indeed a desire for my welfare that prompted him; but not even that crumb of consolation is denied me. He never, never loved me! I was nothing to him but the daughter of the wealthy Mr. Mansfield," and tears and sobs again took the place of words, and shook the girl's slender form like a whirlwind.

Mr. Mansfield moved uneasily and half awoke; and Lucie quickly stepped into the shadow of the curtains, and then pouring the contents of a perfume bottle upon her handkerchief, passed it over her tear-stained face and swollen eyes. The look of almost pitying scorn and contempt came back to her face again, as she did so. She raised the dainty, carved bit of crystal in her hand, and carefully replaced the silver stopper; and then, placing it on her well-appointed, luxurious toilette stand, looked around on all the evidences of wealth that everywhere met her gaze.

"Truly," she said, with a bitter smile, "I am surrounded with luxury—how shall I learn to wait upon myself and do without all those dainty articles? I wonder he could have given me up so easily, while I had even the semblance of wealth surrounding me;" and then, as her gaze returned to the bed on which lay her stricken father—that luxurious, downy couch, with its lace hangings and satin coverlid—she shuddered to think how he would bear the change, the man grown old in the possession of wealth and all that it could purchase. The look of his face returned to her, as it was on that evening when he had entered her room three days before and proclaimed his ruin to her, as she stood putting the last touches to that grand toilette which was to strike all others into the shade at the ball to which she was going.

She felt again the speechless horror which had sent her reeling into a chair, and saw him, the moment after, lying senseless at her feet. How deathly cold his hand felt as she helped to lay him on the bed, and what a damp, clammy dew met her touch when she smoothed back the silver hair from his brow.

"My poor father! My poor, dear father! And his sorrow was all for me, I know. Whatever happens, he must never know this new blow that has fallen on me."

The tears stood in her eyes so thickly that she could not see that he was awake, and looking at her, till Mr. Mansfield spoke in a low, weak voice: "Lucie—Lucie darling!"

She dashed the tears from her eyes and was by his side in the same moment; a strange—an indescribable change had come upon his face, and her heart beat thickly, with dread to see it. She put out her hand instinctively to the bell-rope, to summon aid, but he stayed her with a feeble gesture.

"Oh, father! Father, speak to me," she cried. "What is the matter, dear father?"

"It was not my fault, my girl; I was doing it all for the best, Lucie; you are not angry with your poor old father."

"Oh, don't, don't, please don't speak so," she moaned, pressing his slender, shrivelled hands and covering them with tears and kisses.

"Thank you, Lucie; you were always a good girl; kiss me!"

And Lucie pressed a passionate kiss upon the pale lips; and the flickering, happy smile that stole over the old man's face was frozen there by death.

Lucie Mansfield was an orphan. Lonely, chilled by the breath of adversity, and all her early, fond, enthusiastic belief in the goodness of mankind shattered and broken, Lucie still tried hard to fulfil her duties in the new sphere in which she found herself. They were not arduous duties one would have said; those of superintending the education of two very sweet-tempered and docile little girls, and acting as a sort of companion to their invalid mother; but, for many reasons, they were not congenial to the taste of Miss Mansfield.

One evening the Hanleys gave a party; and Miss Lucie was called upon to furnish the music. She calmly took her seat at the piano, and, without the least feeling either of anger or humiliation, although she recognised in the company more than one who had thought it an honor to be noticed even by a look from the wealthy merchant's daughter; and, for more than an hour, she continued to play everything that was asked for.

"Will you not sing for us, Miss Mansfield?" asked Mrs. Hanley, with the manner of one who asks a favor.

Lucie's only answer was to touch the keys, and make them breathe forth a low, melancholy prelude. She then took up the song, and her voice swelled out in melody till all the air was music. At first she only sang correctly, and with the thrilling tone of which she could not rob her voice, but gradually she entered into the passionate longing of the words and the melody, till every heart was melted at the sound; and tears and silence were the applause that greeted her when she ceased.

"And now may I beg you will excuse me, Mrs. Hanley," she said; "I am very tired, and I would like to go to my room."

"Certainly, my dear," was the kind reply, "and we are all very much obliged to you."

As Lucie was leaving the room she felt a hand laid upon her arm, and turning met the eager gaze of a gentleman, who gave her no time to question before at once addressing her:

"Mademoiselle must pardon me," he said, excitedly, "and allow me to introduce myself. I am Herr Metzinger, Professor of Music."

Lucie's bow at once acknowledged this introduction, and asked an explanation.

"I hope mademoiselle will not be offended, but does she know that her voice is worth fifty thousand dollars a year?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lucie, almost as eager as himself; and comprehending his full meaning at once.

"Indeed, yes; and, if mademoiselle will allow me, I will put her in the way of getting it."

"You are very kind, sir; pray call on me to-morrow; I must have the interval to think of this. Good-night."

## CHAPTER II.

THE Italian opera house in London was crowded; the fashionable season had just begun; and the operatic season was opened with Le Mansfield as the prima-donna.

Six years, and decided and brilliant success, had somewhat changed Le Mansfield from Miss Lucie Mansfield, the New York belle and heiress—subsequently governess; but still, to the eye of love, or friendship, she was easily recognisable. The opera was a new one—"Faust"—since become famous; and, of course, the prima-donna appeared in the rôle of Marguerite. It was particularly well suited to her; or, more properly, she was particularly well suited to it. Elegant and graceful in figure; with the whitest neck and shoulders imaginable, and a marvellous hand, so white, so small, so delicate! Her face was exquisitely beautiful, and, notwithstanding her twenty-five years, still retained all its girlish loveliness; while the deep, dark, gray eyes, shaded with brown lashes, had a childlike innocence of expression, unimpaired by their depth and latent fire. Her hair was of that rare golden hue celebrated by poets, and common only in their verses. She was the very ideal of Goethe's Marguerite, and never met sight of the character for a moment—from her first entrance till the sad finale.

Miss Mansfield was well-known by reputation, though it was the first time she had ever appeared before a London audience; but she had been ad-

mired, adored, and fêted in Paris, in Brussels, in Cuba, in Madrid, and in many other cities, and her fame had run before her to the metropolis of England. Her reception was enthusiastic, and before she had sung half of that most exquisite music the encores were both fatiguing and deafening.

Of all that multitude looking at and listening to her, there were two hearts at least that throbbed with very different emotions. The first of these was that which had its place in the bosom of the young Earl of Avondale. This man had followed Lucie from Brussels, where he had first seen her, to every city, town or village where she had sung since, till at last he found himself in London again, still following the woman whom he had loved from the first moment that delicious voice had penetrated to his heart and awoke the first and only passion of his life. When he had first laid a coronet at her feet Lucie was too recently recovered from the bitter disappointment of a wasted love to receive him favorably; and without stating any reason, she had kept him always at a distance. In truth, she was afraid to trust her affections again out of her own keeping; but, accepting the feeble encouragement contained in the fact that she had not absolutely rejected him, he hoped and waited.

The heart that beat with so different an emotion was that which sent forth the blood to all the tributary veins in the frame of Mr. Clarence Vaunton.

"By Jove! but I have been a fool!" was this gentleman's mental comment upon himself, in the course of the performance. "This girl, whom I shook off from me as a beggar, turns out to be a treasure, richer than a gold-mine! And how she did love me, too, the pretty little puss! Heavenly! but she is a beautiful woman! And see how this vast multitude hangs upon the music of her voice. Delicious! delicious! I would be the luckiest dog in Europe could I but call her mine. Ha! and why not? I have heard that when these true, noble-hearted women love once it is for ever; she could not have suspected my motive in breaking our engagement; she didn't seem to. I faith, I'm in luck! She cannot have forgotten me; and if she but retains a single spark of love for me, it will go hard but I'll fan it into a blaze."

"Clarence Vaunton."

Miss Mansfield read the name aloud once or twice, and then laughing slightly, with just the faintest tinge of bitterness, thought:

"And this is the man I once loved—or thought I loved, with all my soul, and I have actually forgotten his name. Well, no need to be angry with myself; after all, it was Love I loved, not Clarence Vaunton. I wonder how I shall feel when I see him?" and with an odd sensation of curiosity, she turned to the servant, who stood waiting:

"Ask the gentleman to walk up, James."

Mr. Vaunton had neglected no point in his personal appearance at all likely to add to the general effect. He entered, he advanced hastily towards the lady, he seized her hand and pressed it between both of his, and then apparently carried away by the feeling of the moment, he bent his handsome head over it, and imprinted a warm, passionate kiss upon it. When at last he seemed to find his voice his words came low and falteringly:

"Miss Mansfield—Lucie—do we then meet again—at last?"

I'm afraid Lucie was just a little disposed to laugh at this admirable though unfortunately transparent piece of acting. However, she restrained the inclination, and with a mischievous desire to do her part in the little play she foresaw would be enacted for her admiration, she asked:

"Did it then seem so long to you, Mr. Vaunton?"

"Ah, Lucie, can you ask?" was the impassioned answer. "Alas! my heart has grown old in waiting, in hoping for this day. But now I am repaid! Yes, in the joy of this moment I am repaid for all."

"It is indeed a long time since we have met," she said, rather too indifferently Vaunton thought. "Have you, too, thought it long, Lucie?"

"Well, really, Mr. Vaunton, six years can scarcely be called a brief period in the life of any one."

"It has been even longer than I thought," he returned, reproachfully, "since you have forgotten the name that was once such music to my ears, when spoken by your dear lips. There was a time, Lucie, when you called me Clarence."

"Yes, Clarence," she answered, and sighed, and turning away, she looked afar off through the window. Was it to hide the smile she could not keep from her lips, or only to view the brilliant prospect without? Mr. Vaunton did not attribute it to either of these reasons, and he prolonged his visit to such a length that Lucie began to think her quondam lover something of a bore. At last, however, he took his departure, after gaining permission to come often.

Very triumphantly Mr. Vaunton took his way towards the hotel at which he was residing, his head high in air, and his feet seeming to touch nothing more solid than the same impalpable ether.

"She's mine!" he exclaimed, almost aloud. "Hurra! Clarence, my boy, you were always a devil with the fair sex. She has not listened to the voice of love since last we parted, I dare be sworn. I was a fool to have any fears on the subject, how could she forget me?"

Lucie was conscious of a half angry feeling with herself when she was left alone.

"And this is the end of my first love," she exclaimed. "Gone—gone—not even the ashes remaining. Heigh-ho! *sic transit gloria*—pshaw! Let me practise that little song. I'm not half satisfied with my rendering of it."

Mr. Vaunton was true to his determination to follow up the fortunate renewal of his acquaintance with Lucie, but wisely forbore to press his suit till he could still more firmly reinstate himself in her affections.

A telegraphic despatch, of great importance, took him out of town some few weeks after his first call upon Lucie, and urgent business detained him several days. But immediately on his return he hastened to pay his daily visit, determined to claim Lucie's hand on the plea of his long fidelity and the memory of their past betrothal. He was somewhat in haste to carry off the prize, having learned that more than one-half his fortune had been lost in a fruitless speculation.

Lucie's house, though always elegant and tasteful, gave more than usual indications of her wealth this morning, he thought, and remarking this with a chuckle, Mr. Vaunton reflected, "Ha, ha! she is afraid of losing me, and so seeks to allure me with the sight of her wealth. Ah, no need, my pretty Lucie, no need!" and the conquering hero rung the bell.

"Is Miss Mansfield at home?"

"My lady is in the drawing-room," answered the footman, "but she is not receiving to-day—"

"Oh, you know she will see me, you stupid fellow," laughed Vaunton, triumphantly; tossing the man a sovereign, and running gaily upstairs, he entered the drawing-room with the freedom from ceremony of a privileged person.

"Ah, Lucie!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand, "you will forgive me, I know, when I tell you what very important business prevented me from coming here during the past few days."

"I'm sure I will, Clarence," and Lucie motioned the impassioned lover to a seat. Vaunton took it, but found it much too distant, and while he wondered if it was pique that caused that indefinable shade of coldness, he regarded the beautiful woman before him. She was more than usually lovely; the robe of violet velvet close fitting to the exquisite form; the delicate lace at the throat and wrists fastened with diamonds, and the magnificent hair caught up with a pearl comb, served to display her regal loveliness to extraordinary advantage. He felt that he must lose no more time, and shifting his seat, he placed himself beside her, and with her hand fast imprisoned in his, poured forth a torrent of passionate love, and with more ardor than when he had first solicited the same boon, he concluded by praying her to become his wife.

For two or three brief moments Lucie regarded him with a faintly perceptible glance of scorn, but that soon passed away, and a smile dawned in its stead. She was too indifferent to him to feel even contempt towards him. Very firmly she drew away her hand however, and then she laughed an irresistible, uncontrollable, merry laugh.

"You are the most inconsistent of men, Mr. Vaunton," she said. "Six years ago you generously left me free, that I might, if possible, do better; and now, when I am in a position to profit by your kindness and good advice, you ask me to make the same foolish old bargain again. Ha-ha-ha! You are really too amusing, but fortunately I am saved the possibility of being tempted by a fate so alluring. Harold, dearest," and she slightly raised her sweet voice. A handsome and elegant man entered.

"My dear, allow me to introduce Mr. Vaunton Clarence, this is my husband, the Earl of Avondale."

"I am very happy to meet any friend of yours, Lucie. We leave for the continent to-morrow, Mr. Vaunton; but Lady Avondale and myself will always be glad to see you when we return to England, or if we should meet abroad," said the peer courteously.

"Thank you, thank you," stammered Vaunton, and with a hasty good-morning, he hurried away.

## ON AN OLD PORTRAIT.

Eyes that out-smiled the morn,  
Behind your golden lashes,  
What are your fires now?  
Ashes!

Cheeks that out-blushed the rose,  
White arms and snowy bust,  
What is your beauty now?  
Dust!

## ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

THE object which seemed so terrible to Maude Hillary was a pistol, a small pistol of very modern fashion, fresh and bright from the hands of the gunmaker. Mr. Hillary was not a man who affected the gunsmith's art, and Maude had never seen such a weapon in her father's possession until tonight—until this night, when vague fears respecting him had been so long busy in her brain, only wanting a form into which to shape themselves.

It seemed as if her frivolous girlhood left her all at once. It seemed as if that great terror, coming upon her with such ghastly suddenness, transformed her into a woman—a woman possessed of woman's highest attributes, fortitude and self-abnegation. She uttered no cry of alarm, no exclamation of surprise, but she suddenly closed and locked the drawer in which the pistol lay, and dropped the bunch of keys into her pocket. Then kneeling down beside her father's chair, she put her arms tenderly about him, and laid her head upon his breast. Mr. Hillary had grown very passive all at once, and sat idly staring at the table before him.

"Papa," Maude said presently, in a low, pleading voice, "what is it? tell me—confide in me. In whom should you trust if not in me? What is it, papa? What does it mean?"

"It means—ruin!" the merchant answered, huskily.



water, his pantaloons splashed to the knees; the sleeves of his linen coat spotted with grease, and his tangle of black hair tossed about his face even more wildly than usual. He looked wretchedly tired, and dropped into the first chair he came to.

"Well, doctor," said I, "we needn't ask if you have been on duty, but I should like to know where."

"Let me have a glass of wine to put a little life in me," said he, "and I'll tell you."

Away brought the wine with a biscuit and some slices of tongue, which the doctor disposed of with evident satisfaction. Finding that he was to be our guest for the night—his house was out of town—I sent him upstairs to make some changes in his toilet. Clean stockings, slippers and a dressing-gown of the absent Dorn, with a judicious application of cold water and hairbrush, quite metamorphosed him, and having bestowed himself in an easy chair, he proceeded to tell us his day's experience at the Market House.

"I've done more scolding to-day," said he, "than I ever did in my whole life before. It's enough to turn all the milk of human kindness in one's body to Dutch cheese, to see the shameful waste that is going on up there. Victuals enough sent to feed an army, everything of the best, never was a more generous people than these Cincinnatians, and one half of it just wasted through want of care. I declare it's too bad."

"But how does it come about?" we asked.

"Why there are no responsible people there to take charge of things. All the men are off on military duty; it's a place where ladies won't think of going, and so a lot of crazy pated boys and thieving beggars have it pretty much their own way. I stopped, out of curiosity, on my way to the office this morning, and seeing how things were going, staid and went to work. But there's been enough smuggled away from there to-day, and scattered about and trampled under feet, to feed a regiment. I managed to have guards placed at the doors before I came away, which will put a stop to some of it, I hope."

"But what's to hinder ladies from going and looking after the provisions they have sent, I should like to know?"

"Nothing in the world, only they won't do it."

"Miss Atwell, let's you and I go."

"Agreed! The doctor shall initiate us into our duties immediately after breakfast to-morrow morning."

"Good!" said the doctor, "but don't forget the plight I was in when I came. In spite of the efforts made to keep the place clean, it's frightfully dirty, and you will see more rough human nature than you ever dreamed of before."

"No matter; we shall be in no danger of meeting anybody we know; and the opportunity of seeing a new phase of life is too good to be lost."

The doctor smiled grimly as we met him in the parlor next morning, equipped in leather walking shoes and calico wrappers, for our day's work.

"I'm not fit to be seen in the street with you," said he, glancing at his greasy coat, "but I'll meet you at the door of the market-house, and mind, I shan't be surprised if your courage gives out when you get that far."

We had no such idea, however. Taking a small basket, and putting into it some towels for any emergency that might arise, some peaches for our lunch, and a couple of aprons, we set out, telling Away that she might expect us in time for tea, but not much before. I believe we both felt that we were going to do something uncommonly heroic, especially when we reached the market-house, and the two soldiers stationed at the door raised their crossed bayonets and allowed us to pass. The doctor was just inside, talking with a gentleman in a gray suit and broad-brimmed straw hat. It was a relief to find, when he turned towards us, that he was a stranger, for in spite of our enthusiasm about being of use, I doubt if either Miss Atwell or I would have cared to meet just then any one of our "dear five hundred friends."

"Now," said the doctor, "the way for you to work most effectively will be to take charge of the baskets as they come in and classify their contents, so that they can be got at when wanted. I shall leave you, Mrs. Barstowe, at this end of the market-house, take Miss Atwell to the other, and establish myself in the centre, where I can oversee you both;" and before I had time fairly to get possession of my wits, he had marched off, leaving me standing in the midst of the chaos out of which I had so confidently undertaken to evoke order.

Down the whole length of the centre of the building were rude tables, formed by laying planks on the butcher's blocks, and covered with an impromptu tablecloth of newspapers. A regiment had just breakfasted, and filed out on their way over the river, and a swarm of active, impudent, jolly representatives of Young America, of ages ranging from ten to fifteen, were clearing away the debris, preparatory to setting the tables for the next hungry comers. Fragments of all sorts were hastily pitched under the stalls, where heaps of the same material had already accumulated; newspapers splashed with coffee were sent after them, and replaced by fresh ones; brooms were plied spite of the inch of soft mud with which the floor was covered, and that and the fallen fragments cleared away together.

The doctor, I found, had not overdrawn the picture of the abundance, the waste, the confusion, and above all, the filth of this hastily improvised eating-house of the public. I looked down at my tidy walking shoes, they were already splashed to the ankles. I thought of my white skirts and sighed. I confess it, for one moment my resolution faltered; there is something crushing to enthusiasm in the aspect of mud and broken victuals. Besides, what could a single individual do where twenty were needed? Something, certainly; and I took off my shawl, hung it and my basket on a hook, and went to work.

Bread, biscuit, pies, cakes, joints of meat, boiled hams, baked apples, potatoes, pickles, cheese,

crackers, in short everything in the shape of solid eatables was piled promiscuously in the stalls. To clear a little space and begin to classify was my aim, leaving Young America to go on with laying the tables.

"Can I assist you?" said a pleasantly modulated voice beside me, and turning I encountered the man in gray.

"If you will be good enough to help me get these loaves of bread together, and to make a place for them, so that I can arrange the rest of the provisions, I shall feel obliged to you."

He comprehended, and set to work. Bread, beef, hams, vegetables and pastry were rapidly collected in groups, and as basket after basket arrived, their contents were deposited, each kind in its own place. I found I had a most valuable aid, and by the way, Margaret, did it ever occur to you how grandly effective is a man's strength? I think I never realised it more than I did that day, as I watched my unknown ally so easily accomplishing a task that to me had seemed Herculean. I wondered if Miss Atwell had been as fortunate in an assistant, but forgot to ask the doctor when he came to see how I was getting on. He was delighted at the change that had been effected, and looked approvingly at my aid, who was industriously cutting meat and bread for a detachment of squirrel-shooters who were pouring in.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Never saw him till this morning. Drove in from somewhere about here with a lot of baskets; sent his man to the livery stable with his horse and buggy." With which brief account the doctor hurried away to see that his tables were in order, while I assisted Young America in replenishing mine. It was surprising to see how comfortable a meal hungry men could make without plates, knives or napkins. Slices of meat, each on a piece of bread, were placed along the sides of the tables, while down the centre were distributed pie, cakes, potatoes, pickles and apples. Buckets of hot coffee were brought from the neighboring houses, and served in tin cups without sugar or milk.

These country people interested me. It seemed incredible that men just from their homes and harvest-fields could so readily exchange the implements of husbandry for the rifle and powder-flask, and march away to almost certain deadly conflict as gaily as if it were only but for a day's shooting. The ranks were made up of all ages, from beardless boys to gray-haired grandfathers; but all, apparently, animated by the same spirit of cheerfulness, determination, courage. They ate heartily; many of them taking the precaution to fill their pockets with rations, while the jest and laugh passed merrily from one group to another.

"Say, ma'am," called out a good-looking six-footer, "won't you jest quarter up that pie with the knife you've got in your hand? It looks mighty good. I'd take the whole 'n't if I wasn't afraid 't would look kind o' mean. Thank'e, ma'am; now if you'll jest cut me off a hunk of that gingerbread to put in my pocket, I'll dance at your wedding."

"Get an invitation first, won't you?" called out a comrade.

"That's a fact; I mayn't get an invite, but I'll wish you a husband any how."

Among the thousands of men who passed through the market-house that day, I heard no rougher jest than that.

About the middle of the afternoon the alarm-bell began to ring; and a man rushed in out of breath, climbed on one of the tables, and announced that the rebels had reached the opposite side of the river, and that an engagement was going on between them and our forces. A regiment had just come in, but they did not stay to eat; seizing what they could lay hands on, they started off at the double quick, eating as they went. Even the guards deserted the doors, and had their places supplied by boys with broomsticks. I began to grow wretchedly tired. I had seen nothing of Miss Atwell, and the peaches we brought for our lunch I had given to a sick soldier. The idea of eating, in the midst of a world of provisions, was as preposterous as laying in ice at the North pole. I felt as if I had taken food enough by absorption to last me the rest of my natural life.

The man in gray had been as busy as myself all day. Too busy for talking we had just remarked; but now as I leaned against a stall, wondering if I could stand it much longer, and how I should get home, for shoes and skirts were in a condition that would not bear the daylight of the streets; and, above all, how this huge feeding machine could possibly go on without us, he stopped to speak to me.

"I am afraid you are doing too much; you look tired."

"I believe I am a little tired," and as I spoke a deadly faintness seized me, and the face before me disappeared in a darkness that dropped down upon me like an extinguisher. You think I am going to tell you that I fainted, and that he caught me in his arms. No such thing; I rallied in an instant without his suspecting that I had been near perpetrating such a folly.

"Can I get you anything?" I heard him say, apparently a great way off, as his face emerged from the darkness. "You have eaten nothing, and must be exhausted."

"Nothing, thank you; but you may, if you please, call the gentleman with whom you were talking when we came this morning."

He disappeared, and came back in a moment with the doctor.

"Doctor," I said, trying hard to look as if nothing was the matter, "I believe I will go home, if Miss Atwell is ready; and as we are in such a plight from this mud, will you get us a carriage?"

Too shrewd to be imposed upon, the doctor took in the state of the case at a glance, and began to laugh.

"Pretty well tired out, eh! Won't want to come again to-morrow, I reckon."

"I think it's real mean of you to laugh at me—"

"Especially when you have worked to such good purpose," said the man in gray, gallantly coming to my aid.

"Well, I won't laugh," said the doctor, laughing, meantime, heartier than ever. "I'll go and tell Miss Atwell, and then see if I can get you a carriage."

She came presently, and I saw at a glance that she was glad enough of the summons, for she was almost as thoroughly devitalised as myself—and what a plight we were both in. We could not help laughing at the figure we cut; but meantime my head seemed splitting, and I cared for nothing but to get home and into bed.

The carriage came; my friend in gray helped us in, and hoped that a night's rest would fully restore us. The doctor went with us, for he was going out home and it was on his way to the train. It was time he went, for his pantaloons were twice as muddy, his coat three times as greasy, and his hair six times as tempestuous as it was last night. He needed renovating. We left Miss Atwell at her own door. She refused my invitation to tea with a shudder that I appreciated, and the pious ejaculation, "From all things eatable for the present deliver us." I grew worse so rapidly, that when I reached home the doctor had to help me into the house, and give Away instructions about taking care of me.

What an agonizing headache I had, and how all that night, and the next day, I lay, caring not a pin for rebels, whether far or near; caring only for silence, and darkness, and immunity from odors, especially the odor of victuals. My enthusiasm was toned down perfectly, and when, two days after, Miss Atwell came and told me that affairs at the market-house were administered by a score of colored waiters, I did not experience a single jealous pang.

As you know, Kirby Smith did not march on Cincinnati, but in an opposite direction. There was no fighting; the great scare subsided, and permission was given for those heroes of a bloodless victory to return home and resume business. Miss Atwell and I had neither husband nor son over the river, but many of our friends had; so we rejoiced at the orders, and went with the rest to see them return. It was a grand sight. Both sides of the river were thronged with spectators; flags waved and drums beat, cannon roared; everybody was in exuberant spirits for the danger past, and the loved ones coming home. Regiment after regiment filed down the bank on the Kentucky side, crossed the pontoon bridge, and trod again the pavement of the Queen City, made a hundred fold dearer by the danger which had threatened her.

Here comes the Commander-in-Chief, handsome Lew Wallace, surrounded by his staff. Bare-headed, bowing in acknowledgment to the hurrahs of men and the thousand smiles and fluttering handkerchiefs of women that greeted him from the streets, the windows, the very housetops. There, beside him, rode T. Buchanan Read, who, not content with being the pet of the nine Muses, was now paying court to Mars; and here, scarcely recognisable for dust and tan, was my elegant, exquisite and most fastidious friend, Blake Barringer.

It has often been a question in my mind whether certain persons—Quakers, for instance, and here and there an individual among the world's people, were not inherently endowed with an ounce of cleanliness, enabling them to pass unscathed through the highways and byways of this dirty world; but the moment I saw Blake Barringer the question was settled; for even he, I found, was subject to dust.

A carriage passed me, making its way slowly through the crowd. It contained three ladies and a gentleman. Womanlike, I was scanning the dresses of the ladies, when it occurred to me that the face of their cavalier was not unknown to me. I looked at him; certainly I had seen that face before—but where? Of course he turned and looked at me; people always do when you are observing them. A peculiar smile lighted up his face, and as I mentally ejaculated "the man in gray," he raised his hand and gave me a military salute. I laughed in spite of myself, quite sure at the same time that I ought to be vexed. But the thing was so gracefully done, and with an air that could not be construed into intentional impertinence. The recognition had escaped Miss Atwell, and I did not think it worth while to tell her.

The Dorns came back from the seaside, but Jennie would have me stay and spend the autumn. There was no reason why I shouldn't, so we talked up our respective summers, and finished the pickling and preserving which Kirby Smith had interrupted. Twice when Jennie and I were out we met my ex-aid. He smiled each time in passing, and gave me the military salute, but I seemed far as ever from finding out who he was. To confess the truth, I was growing a little curious on the subject.

"Sam's in town," said George Dorn, one day, as he entered the parlor where I was sitting. Mrs. George was still absent, and he took his meals with us. "Asked him to come to dinner, but he wouldn't. Wish you and Sam knew each other."

I laughed at the good-natured wish to provide me with a husband.

"Who does George mean by Sam?" I asked Jennie, when we were alone.

"Sam? I don't know; he names people to suit himself. I never know who he means. How much of this delaine will it take to make Kitty a dress?"

"Sam," thought I, "may be very well worth knowing, but I would rather know something about the man in gray. There seemed little probability, however, of my making the acquaintance of either, for I went back to the country, and shortly after went East to spend the winter. It was April when Jennie wrote, begging me to return. She gave a score of good reasons, and as

they tallied with my own inclinations, I went. It was a week after my arrival that I was walking up Fourth street one morning. I was staring into the treetops which were just bursting into magnificence of foliage, when a breath of perfume arrested my attention.

"Will you accept these flowers, they are very fragrant?"

There he stood, the man in gray, but before I could muster my surprised and routed wits, he was gone. So sudden had been the apparition and its disappearance, that but for the flowers I might have fancied it an optical illusion—but there they were, the darling, fresh, dewy, delicious, not tied like martyrs to a stake, and made up into one of those stiffest and stupidest distortions of things beautiful, a bouquet, but just clustered together, as if they had arranged themselves, like children at play. A whole handful of greenery, with hyacinths, violets, lily of the valley, two half-blown roses and a few buds. It was a floral tableau; an epitome of all past springs; a promise of all that were to come. Ought I to have been angry? Perhaps, but I love flowers.

That evening, as Jennie and I were sitting in the parlor, Blake Barringer was announced. He had some one with him—the man in gray.

"My friend Mr. Walbridge, Mrs. Dorn, Mrs. Barstowe, Mr. Walbridge."

One expressive glance passed between us, but there was no other token that we had met before. His flowers stood on the table, and I had a spray of the lily of the valley in my hair.

Aunt Gracie paused. "Well," said brother Will, giving an expressive toss to his own long hair, "what else? I hope you're not going to stop just as it's growing interesting."

"Nothing else, only there never was such a summer as followed that spring. The Dorns went to Mackinaw, and Miss Atwood and I went with them. Mr. Walbridge joined us there, and we used to ride and boat. I liked to spend the delicious evenings at a particular spot where the shore made a bend. I was not always alone—"

Aunt Gracie was hanging her lovely head, and her talk was growing a little incoherent.

"We would watch the light upon the water. In fact, I believe I—I was watching my ship come in."

"Oh, I know," said Will. "I know the tailor that made the wings that she did fly withal."

Will must have been reading the Merchant of Venice. Mama just went up to aunt Gracie—I always did think mama the most perfectly graceful lady I ever met—and touched her hair, and whispered:

"There is no ship like friendship."

## PURIM BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE Purim balls, by their able management, both financially and otherwise, have become one of the fashionable institutions of the metropolis, for not only are the number of the tickets limited, but the greatest care is exercised as to the persons who receive them. That of Tuesday, the 14th, was one of the brightest, most select, and altogether enjoyable assemblies ever held at the Academy. Through the polite attentions of Mr. Adolph L. Sanger, floor manager, and of Mr. Bradley, a decorator, we had the simplest opportunities of participating in all the festivities, and examining the costumes and beauty of the superb young Jewesses and other ladies.

The adornments, as arranged by Messrs. Moses and Sanger, the committee on decorations, could not but dazzle one at first by their splendor. The back of the stage was brilliantly illuminated by the words "Merry Purim," and the monogram of the society appearing in jets of gas over a double terrace filled with natural flowers, comprising the most costly exotics and other plants in baskets, pots and tubs, which with their fragrant smell filled the whole house. The rear of this flower-garden showed the word "Charity," formed of flowers and leaves.

The balustrade around the amphitheatre was decorated with garlands of banded flowers, the family circle gallery was covered with festoons of cloth, in all the colors of the rainbow, while under the dress circle were hung caricatures and other funny pictures painted on cloth.

Among these were a Procession of Fools, Bacchus and Momus, Don Quixote fighting the Windmill, King of Hearts with Lady and Astrologer, Lent riding on a Fish. The Mon-oe Doctrine and the Empe or Maximilian was a well gotten-up affair. It represented Maximilian, of Mexico, running away from his chair of state, carrying a few tropical fruits and a parrot, to court out Maximilian, the decorator, who handled him his business card, surrounded with the names of the principal city papers, including the Herald, Times, News, World, Staats Zeitung, etc.

From the dome of the house, Maximilian, the decorator of the whole, had hung a huge basket of flowers, surmounted by a military tent, while eighteen flags were arranged around the parquet columns, with their spear heads composed of tin knives and forks and spoons.

The order of dancing shone forth from under two arches, ten feet square, surrounded with paintings of tropical plants, and producing a pleasant effect.

Among the masks faithfully represented by our Artist will be noticed a magnificent Marie Stuart, in black velvet and diamonds; Mephistopheles arm-in-arm with Midnight, who was covered with stars; an exquisite costume of rich pink silk, edged with down; two lovely Vivandieres; a beautiful Schwarzwald Peasant Girl, with fair flowing hair; and an admirably dressed Harlequin. Never, for many years, have such rich, original and costly dominoes been displayed at a ball in New York.

Among the masks were quite a number of Jewish characters, more easily understood by the adherents of the Jewish faith: The "Tefilin," or praying boxes worn by the Jews; a caricature on the Polish Jews; a boot-black, with brushes, intent upon blacking the ladies' boots or shoes; a masker with a high hat, "The Man in Search of a House," and labelled on the back, "To Let," inquire of the Provost-Marshal, created much sensation; a male woman, who sold the "Balsam of Esther," a cosmetic, in the shape of boxes of dough, at the rate of ten cents a-piece, did a thriving business for the benefit of the poor; there was also a locksmith, with skeleton keys, desirous of opening the hearts of all the ladies whose hearts were closed to the fascination of the sterner sex.

Of the distinguished guests were a number of Jewish divines, including the Rev. Dr. Adler, the Rev. Dr. Bondy, the Rev. S. M. Isaac, the Rev. Messrs. Stemberg, Philips, Cramer, who enjoyed the scene with much zest. Mayor Gunther was present, with a large number of the elite of the city.

The festival, through the efforts of the young gentlemen who originated and carried it out, was a brilliant success in every respect, and all the guests were much pleased with the arrangements.



He did not turn towards his daughter, but still sat staring blankly straight before him.

"It means failure and ruin, Maude—ruin in its worst shape, its most hideous shape."

"You mean that we shall be poor, very poor; that we shall have to leave Twickenham; that you will be a clerk, perhaps, in some office and I a daily governess. I remember when the Gordons failed, and poor Constance Gordon and her brothers had to begin the world afresh, without money, and with very little help from their old friends. Do you think I could not bear as much as that and be happy still, if you were with me? Ah, papa, papa, do I seem such a helpless, useless creature, that you shrink from trusting me at such a time as this?"

Hysterical sobs rose in her throat, but she stifled them and went on talking to him in the same quiet, tender voice, and caressing him as she talked. He submitted passively enough to her caresses, but he seemed scarcely conscious of them.

"Trust me, papa; tell me everything. Such troubles as these seem so much less dreadful when once they have been freely spoken of. I remember how Mr. Gordon kept everything hidden from his family as long as he could; and Constance told me that it seemed as if a great cloud was hanging over the house, and there was something in the atmosphere that stifled them all. But when the crash came they bore it bravely; and see how well they have got on ever since, in a moderate way. Ah, papa, you have brought me up like a spoiled child, or a princess in a fairy tale, and now that trouble has come to us you think I cannot bear it. But I can, papa; if you will only be brave, your foolish, extravagant daughter will learn to be wise and patient. I was I was getting very tired of Twickenham, papa, and shall be as happy as the day is long in a nice little cottage, in some cheap suburb, where I can have pupils."

Lionel Hillary ought not to have been comforted by his daughter's tenderness; but, unhappily, there are some wounds so cruelly inflamed that the gentlest application the surgeon can devise is apt to chafe and irritate them. The girl's talk jarred upon the merchant's mind, and it was with a shiver of pain that he turned to her as she left off speaking.

"Child, child," he exclaimed, fretfully, "you don't know what you're talking of. Do you think it is such an easy thing to pass from one of the first positions in the city to a clerkship and a cottage in the suburbs? Do you think there is nothing between such opposite conditions? Do you suppose I have only to shut up my books and wish my creditors good-morning, before I walk out of my office? You talk and think like a child, Maude. It is all very well for an old twaddler like John Gordon, who suspends payment upon the first failure that affects his stability, and who winds up his affairs with a dividend of fifteen shillings in the pound, and the compliments and sympathy of all Basinghall street. No one will sympathize with my fall, though more than I can count will suffer with me. I am not a man to drop under the first blow, Maude; for nearly three years I have been working a rotten ship, with the knowledge that nothing short of a miracle could save me from wreck. The wreck has come. The world will call me a dishonest man because I waited for that miracle. I waited as the gambler waits at the green table, hoping that the last risk would bring me salvation. With me ruin means disgrace. I tell you, Maude, before the month is out there will be a panic in the city, and men will cry out that Lionel Hillary is a rogue and swindler. There's not a man who ever dined at Twickenham that won't use his knowledge of my home as a weapon against me. There's not a bottle of wine I ever gave a friend whose price and quality will not be made a reproach against me. Oh! I know how people talk about these things. Go away, child. Your presence only goads and irritates me. It reminds me that I might have done better than I have done, I might have been wiser, I might have saved something—my good name at least. I have loved you so dearly, Maude—heaven knows how dearly, for I am no man of big words or sentimental phrases. And now I leave you utterly destitute, the pauper child of a disgraced father."

"But you shall not leave me," cried Maude, with a sudden energy that startled Lionel Hillary. "Papa, why do you insist upon treating me as a child? Why do you judge me by what I have been, rather than by what I can be? Why won't you trust me? why won't you talk to me as if I were a son, and had a right to share your secrets? You have told me the worst, and you see I can bear to know it. I can endure even disgrace; but I cannot bear to lose you. Trust me, papa. I will be patient under any calamity except—"

She was seized with a sudden shivering, and clung to him, with a convulsive force in the small hands that entwined themselves about his arm. "You know what I mean, papa," she said. "Believe that I can bear anything if you will be true, and brave, and patient. And even yet the miracle may come. Something may happen at the very last, surely it may, to save your good name."

Mr. Hillary pressed his daughter's hand in acknowledgment of so much tenderness and devotion; but he shook his head moodily as he answered her:

"Nothing can happen to save me, unless twenty thousand pounds drop from the skies between this and the 10th of January."

Twenty thousand pounds! Maude's thoughts flew to her jewel-case in obedience to the most universal of feminine instincts. Twenty thousand pounds! Alas for that birthday gift of opals and diamonds, the turquoise rings and bracelets, the emerald cross, the delicate pink coral, and all the fragile fantastic toys of gold and enamel, bought in the dearest market of elegant West End dealers, who give three years credit! Maude, in all her ignorance, was wise enough to know that these things would not realise one of the twenty thousand pounds required by her father.

"But there is Twickenham, papa," she said; "the Cedars must be worth ever so many thousands."

"And is mortgaged to the full extent of its value," answered Mr. Hillary. "Find me twenty thousand pounds if you can, Maude, but don't worry me with frivolous suggestions. I tell you that it is quite impossible for a woman to understand my position. God help me! I scarcely understand it myself. I only know that everything round me is so much rottenness, and that the crash must come next month."

"But you will not think—of that—again?" urged Maude, pointing to the drawer.

"No; I will wait to the tenth."

"For my sake, oh, papa, for my sake."

"No, child; not for your sake, but from a selfish, cowardly clinging to life," cried Lionel Hillary, with sudden passion. "It would be better for you, ten times better, if I were dead. The thought of that was in my mind as I came down here to-night, until the noise of the engine almost seemed to thump out the words, 'Better for her, better for her.' People would have mercy upon you if I were dead, Maude; even those who suffered by me would be less bitter in their reproaches if I were dead. A man can only break his heart once, and when the man is dead, there is no mark for the arrows of justifiable reproach, or the foul garden stuff and rotten eggs of malicious calumny."

"Papa, the help may come; the twenty thousand pounds may be found."

"No, child; there was only one hope of that, and the hope is gone."

For the first time that night Mr. Hillary looked at his daughter; she saw the look, an anxious scrutiny that sent a chill through her heart. She did not ask him what that one hope had been.

"Papa, trust in me, only trust in me!" she cried; "you do not know of what I am capable for your sake—for your sake. You don't know what I have suffered to-night, and how changed I am by that suffering. Hope for a miracle even, papa; keep things as smooth as you can, and between this and the tenth the twenty thousand pounds may be found. Only tell me one thing. You don't want any one to give you the money! If it were lent to you, you could repay it by-and-by?"

"Yes; with sufficient time I could repay it."

"Then hope for the miracle, papa. Ah! you think me such a child that you are almost angry with me for telling you to hope; but the lion laughed at the mouse, I dare say."

Five minutes after this, Miss Hillary led her father to his room and wished him good-night, cheerfully enough, upon the threshold. But under that pretence of cheerfulness, cruel fears and perplexities were torturing her innocent heart. Ruin, dishonor, disgrace, the misery of many homes besides that one household on the bank of the river—all these terrors had come very suddenly upon the girl who only that morning had been impatient of the December weather and the dull gray sky.

She went to her room, but only to sit with the door open, listening for any sound in her father's apartment, which was next her own. She sat for nearly two hours shivering with cold, and then crept softly to her father's room and opened the door. The merchant was sleeping, peacefully enough to all appearance, for his breathing was tranquil and regular; so Maude went back to her room. It seemed the bitterest mockery to go to bed, but then Miss Hillary's maid would have been scandalized had she come at eight o'clock and found her mistress still watching. Alas, poor Maude! for the first time in her life she had to submit to that most cruel social penance, entitled "keeping up appearances." She went to bed, and though she seemed to hear every hour, and half-hour, and quarter of an hour chimed by the church clocks, she must have slept at some time or other in that brief remainder of the night, or else how should she have been tormented by those hideous dreams, in which she was always wading through black morasses and turbid waters, carrying in her arms a great bag of gold, which she vainly strove to convey to her father?

#### CHAPTER XVI.—A DRAMA THAT WAS ACTED BEHIND THE SCENES.

MR. HILLARY escorted his daughter and Julia Desmond back to Twickenham upon the day following that night scene of anguish and terror. They left Brighton rather late in the day, and arrived at the Cedars when the early winter evening had closed in upon the leafless avenues and groves about the old house. Lights were burning cheerily in the long range of lower windows, and in the vestibule and inner hall, and rare groups of stainless marble gleamed white against a background of bright hothouse flowers. Deferential servants came hurrying out as the carriage drove up, and Miss Hillary, seeing her home in all its accustomed brightness and comfort, felt a painful sense of bewilderment. It was so difficult to realise the force of that calamity which had been so lately revealed to her; it was so difficult to believe that all this splendor was so much rottenness, from which there was only one step to poverty and disgrace.

Mr. Hillary had visited his daughter's room very early upon the morning after the terrible confidence between them, and had impressed upon her the necessity of suppressing every evidence of the knowledge that had come to her.

"I have been compelled to trust you, Maude," he said, "and you must prove yourself worthy of my confidence. Heaven only knows how difficult it has been to me to keep the secrets of my business during three years of reverses and misfortunes such as rarely fall to the lot of a speculator. My only chance of floating over this crisis lies in the meeting with some friend who will lend me the money I want, without looking too closely into the nature of the security I have to offer."

But let the state of my affairs once get wind, and all hope of retrieval would be lost. Remember this, Maude, and if you love me, show a bright face to the world; and above all, beware of Julia Desmond. That young lady is a dangerous person, my dear, and the day may come when we shall have reason to regret having given a shelter to old Desmond's destitute child."

"But Julia is a dear good girl, papa; she would be very sorry for us, I am sure," Maude pleaded, innocently.

"Julia has contrived to feather her own nest so remarkably well, that she would be very indifferent to any calamity that could come to her friends," answered the practical man of the world, who had been by no means pleased with Miss Desmond since that young lady's conquest of Francis Tredethlyn.

Maude kissed her father—ah, how passionately! She clung to him as she remembered that long feverish dream of the previous night, and the glittering something lying in the drawer; she kissed him, and promised that his secrets should be guarded more carefully than her own life.

"And the miracle may be accomplished between this and the tenth of January, papa," she said.

And then, as Lionel Hillary was about to leave his daughter's room, she placed herself suddenly between him and the door, and turned the key in the lock. He looked at her, surprised and perplexed.

"Maude!"

"Dearest father, you have trusted me, and you have exacted a promise from me," said Miss Hillary, with a quiet calmness that was more impressive than any vehemence of manner; "and now I want you to give me a promise, a very solemn promise, my own dear father."

She put her hand upon his shoulder and kissed him once more, clinging to him fondly, looking tenderly upward to his pale, careworn face. Then she took a bunch of keys from her pocket and held them out before him.

"You remember those keys, papa; I am going to return them to you; but I want you to kneel down with me here, now when all that feverish excitement of last night has passed away; I want you to promise me, as you hope for mercy and happiness in a better world when this life is all gone by and done with—I want you to promise me that you will never again, under any circumstances, in any hour of trial or temptation, think of that dreadful alternative of which you thought last night. 'Oh, papa! remember it is such a terrible sin even to think of it; for we can never do so until we have ceased to trust in God.'"

The simple words went straight to Lionel Hillary's heart, that world-weary heart, in which there was but this one tender quality of paternal love still left. No subtle arguments of theologian or philosopher could have so deeply influenced him as his daughter's gentle pleading. He knelt by her side, close to a little table, on which an open Testament was lying, and pressing his lips upon the sacred page, swore that he would never again contemplate the sin which he had so nearly committed only a few hours before.

"It is a coward's remedy at the best," he said presently; and then he took his daughter in his arms and looked down at her tearful face with a mist before his own eyes, which made that bright young beauty seem blotted and dim. "My Maude, my darling, surely heaven must have created you to be my guardian angel. I have not been a good man, I have been too much of a speculator for the last few years—a reckless speculator, perhaps; but when the demon of commercial hazard had his grip strongest upon me your image was always in my mind. I wanted to leave you rich, secure from all the troubles of this world. I was a poor man in my young days, Maude, and perhaps the bitterness of that early time may have taught me to set too high a value upon wealth. Fortune came to me afterwards, almost as wonderfully as it comes to a prince in a fairy tale, and some recklessness of spirit may have engendered in me by my own successes and by the times in which I have lived."

"But, dear papa, you need not fear poverty for my sake," said Maude; "only trust in me, and when the time comes you shall find me ready to face it. My life has been very pleasant—too pleasant, I dare say—I have always felt that it was so when the thought has come to me of all the people that suffer in this world. But you know how the princess in the fairy tale, who has never known a sorrow, goes out all at once into the great forest, more helpless and lonely than the poorest woodman's daughter, and yet no harm ever comes to the princess, papa. If it will only please heaven to spare your good name, poverty will have no sting for me; and if disgrace should come, I will bear it for your sake—I will bear it without a murmur for your sake, papa."

She broke down just a little as she said this; she could not speak quite calmly of that most terrible loss of all—the loss of her father's commercial honor. She remembered, very dimly, long prore discussions that she had heard at Mr. Hillary's dinner-table about men who had failed, and who had failed through some dishonesty or recklessness of their own, and whose downfall had involved the hard-won fortunes of others, making a vast circle of ruin, spreading as the watery circle spreads when you drop a pebble into a tideless lake.

#### SCHEDULE OF THE PROPERTY Owned by the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company.

Organized under the Laws of the State of New York. Capital Stock \$5,000,000, in 500,000 shares of \$5 each—par value. A limited amount of stock at \$1 per share, subscription price, liable to no further call or assessment—50,000 shares reserved for a working capital.

Offices.—The principal office is in New York, with branch offices in Philadelphia and Baltimore, for the convenience of the shareholders.

#### Wells.

There are in all 13 wells already on the property, some of which are producing with good prospects of an immensely large increase in a short time—and 10 of which (new wells) are being bored with vigor and rapidly approaching completion, some of them being down 400 feet and with splendid show of oil.

Near to some of the properties and wells now in process of boring, belonging to this company, are the following great wells, which will show the great value of the company's property and the immense returns which may be expected to be realized to the shareholders of the company.

The Phillips Well on the Tarr Farm, which flowed when struck over 4,000 barrels per day. The Woodford Well, on Tarr Farm, flowed 2,000 barrels per day. The Sherman Well flowed 3,000 barrels per day. The Hammond Well on Steel Farm flowed 500 barrels per day. The Christie Well flowed 1,500 barrels per day. The Read Well on Cherry Run flowed 400 barrels per day. The Yankee Well, 200 barrels per day. The Auburn Well, 150 barrels per day.

Besides those mentioned there are many fine producing wells, near above and below, in the immediate vicinity of this company's properties, yielding from 300 to 1,000 barrels per day.

A new 200 barrel well has been struck on Cherry Run, above the Read Well, close to the property of this company, on the McFate Farm, on which one of the com-

pany's wells is almost completed, with splendid prospects of oil. Another well, on the Hog Farm, close to this, is also nearly down, with equally great prospects. A new 150 barrel well, of fine lubricating oil, has been struck on Sugar Creek (the first well bored), adjoining the Saunders Farm, the property of this company, on which a well is nearly completed, with splendid show of oil.

One acre (of the seven acres Homestead Reserve) on the Saunders Farm, which farm belongs to this company, was sold a few days since for \$15,000 cash.

This company has five different properties on Sugar Creek, and it is estimated by experienced oil men that they are now worth over one million of dollars (\$1,000,000), and the entire properties of the company, located on the various rich oil strata mentioned before, worth over five millions of dollars (\$5,000,000).

It is not only a possibility, but a strong probability, that large wells will be struck on this company's property yielding several hundred barrels, and perhaps several thousand barrels of oil per day, which would make the stock of the company very valuable, and yield to the shareholders very large dividends.

#### References to Map on page 39.

No. 1.—Is a tract of land of 37 acres in fee simple, situated on Sugar Creek, Sugar Creek Township, Venango County, Pennsylvania, and known as the Saunders Farm, originally a part of and the upper end of the Russell Farm. This property is all flat, and embraces the entire width of the valley, extending from bluff to bluff. This interest carries with it one engine and house, derrick, drilling-tools, etc. There is a well being bored on this farm, while two more are going down adjoining above, and two below, one of which is now producing 25 barrels per day of lubricating oil.

No. 2.—One lease of three lots of ground on Cherry Run, bottom land, with 100 feet of the sulphur spring on the McFate Farm. This property is a short distance from the celebrated Read Well, Yankee, Auburn and other wells, no flowing from 25 to 200 barrels per day. Working interest, five-twelfths of the oil. One engine, derrick, engine-house. Well going down.

No. 3.—One-tenth interest in a lease on Blood Farm, on Oil Creek. One well down, now pumping from 10 to 15 barrels per day. Room for two more wells. Same interest in engine, derrick and fixtures.

No. 4.—A one-fourth interest in a lease on the Steel Farm, better known as the Widow McClintock Farm. One well down, pumping 10 barrels per day, and another well down about 400 feet (new well). This interest includes the one-eighth of all the oil, and the one-quarter of two engines, one air-pump, together with tubing and fixtures for two wells, complete.

No. 5.—One-sixteenth working interest in a lease on Steel Farm, known and numbered on plot of said farm as Lot 23, and as Perry Well. This property has one well now down, with room for three more wells.

No. 6.—One-eighth interest in Lot No. 7, on Steel Farm, as per plot of said farm. This property has one well down, producing 15 barrels per day, with room for four more wells, together with one engine and fixtures.

No. 7.—One-sixteenth working interest in Lot No. 11, Steel Farm, with one-sixteenth interest in one engine and machinery. All the above property on this farm, viz., Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7, is of the most valuable oil-producing territory on Oil Creek, with wells on adjoining lots producing from 25 to 240 barrels per day each.

No. 8.—The one-fourth working interest in a lease on the Tarr Farm, with the one-fourth of engine, tubing, tanks, etc., necessary for operating. One well going down. This interest claims one-eighth of all the oil.

No. 9.—The one-quarter interest in well and lease on Walnut Bend, opposite Horse Creek, Allegheny River; one well in operation, producing from 10 to 15 barrels per day; lease large enough to put down several more wells.

No. 10.—Lease of one acre of land on Cherry Tree Creek, adjoining the Dempsey Farm, all flat land, lying on both sides of the Creek. This interest receives three-quarters of all the oil. One engine, derrick, engine-house and necessary fixtures for operating.

No. 11.—One lease on Dempsey Farm, known as Lot No. 25, according to survey of said farm. The interest includes the whole working interest, but a one-half of all the oil. One derrick, engine, and a necessary fixture for putting down a well. Well going down.

No. 12.—A lease of five acres on Sugar Creek, Oakland Township, Venango County, Pennsylvania, and known as the David Reynolds' lease, which lease extends for the term of 20 years from the 18th day of September, A. D. 1864. This lease carries three-quarters of all the oil.

No. 13.—A lease of eleven acres of land on Sugar Creek, all flat land, and known as the Arthamer Division lease. This property is leased for 40 years, giving the landholders one-seventh of the oil only.

No. 14.—A lease of 60 acres of land, lying on a branch of Sugar Creek, below Cooperstown, leased for the term of 40 years, lease drawing seven-eighths of all the oil.

No. 15.—Three-fourths of the working interest of half an acre on Cherry Run, on farm known as Hog Farm, and is most favorably situated. The above interest carries with it three-quarters of the derrick, engine-house, engine, and all necessary fixtures for operating. Well now going down.

No. 16.—Is a lease of a piece or parcel of land situated in Franklin Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, it being the farm formerly known as the John L. Rhodes Farm, containing about 64 acres, more or less. This property is situated on Elk Creek. This lease carries one-half of all the oil produced.

No. 17.—Is a leasehold of piece or parcel of land situated in Gudeville, Girard Township, Erie County, State of Pennsylvania, and bounded by L. C. Kent, Corcey, and others, containing sixty-four (64) acres, more or less. This property is considered good oil territory, carrying with it the one-half of all the oil found. There are a number of oil springs in the immediate vicinity.

No. 18.—Comprises a leasehold of piece or parcel of land situated in Fairview Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, containing about ten (10) acres. This property is situated on Elk Creek, favorably located, and carries with it one-half of all the oil produced.

No. 19.—Is a leasehold of a piece of land situated in Girard Township, Erie County, State of Pennsylvania, known as the Wuxco Farm, containing about 18 acres. This property is located on Elk Creek, in the above township, embracing all the flat land lying between the bluffs on each side of the creek. This lease carries one-half of all the oil.

No. 20.—Comprises a piece or parcel of land in Franklin Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, situated on a branch of Elk Creek, known as the Gulf, and part of the Howard Farm. This property carries with it one-half of all the oil produced, has one well.

No. 21.—Is a leasehold, situated in Franklin Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania. This lease contains 41 acres, and is known as the Pettis Farm. This territory is located on a branch of Elk Creek, known as the Gulf.

No. 22.—Is a leasehold of a farm situated in Franklin Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, known as the Howard Farm, on lot No. 15, containing 45 acres. This territory is located on the branch of Elk Creek, known as the Gulf, embracing the land on both sides of the creek. This lease claims the one-half of all the oil produced.

No. 23.—Is a leasehold of a piece or parcel of land situated in Fairview Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, containing five acres, being part of the John Struth farm. This territory is located on Elk Creek, embracing the land on both sides of the creek, from bluff to bluff. This lease claims one-half of all the oil.

No. 24.—Comprises a piece or parcel of land situated in Franklin Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, lying on Elk Creek, containing 29 acres of land, more or less, known as part of L. C. Allen's farm. This property is favorably situated on the creek, and all flat land. This lease carries with it one-half of all the oil produced.

No. 25.—Is a lease of a piece or parcel of land in Canal Township, Venango County, Pennsylvania. This is one bottom land, containing seven acres, being a part of Ulrich Brink farm. This lease claims the seven-eighths of all the oil produced.

No. 26.—Is a lease of a piece or parcel of land situated in Jackson Township, Venango County, Pennsylvania, known as part of the Jacob Piser farm, containing 25 acres, all bottom land. This lease claims seven-eighths of all the oil found.





THE FRENCH HUGUENOT CHURCHYARD, CHURCH STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C.

**BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHARLESTON, S. C.**

THE panoramic sketch we publish to-day of Charleston is the most eloquent sermon against rebellion ever preached. Our Artist says:

"My sketch is taken from the top of the Mills House, looking N. W., up Meeting street. This is the best locality from which to view the burned district. The fire occurred Dec. 13, 1861, and the burned district remains in its charred and desolate state. On the lower right hand corner of the picture are the ruins of the South Carolina Institute, in which the Act of Secession was passed. Next to that, on the extreme right, is St. Philip's church, whose tall white spire stands amid the ruins, and desolation around it, like some mammoth sepulchral sentinel. In the rear of this church is stationed the new Custom-House, which is yet unfinished. On the right side of the city flows the Cooper river, while the Ashley river bounds it on the left. I have

seldom looked upon a more dismal sight than Charleston is now. We must at least give its citizens credit for the fortitude with which they have endured their siege, for most certainly our officers were not aware of one-half the damage our fire had inflicted."

**French Huguenot Churchyard.**

The sketch we present showing the effect of our shelling upon the churchyard of the French Huguenots in Church street, will give our readers a correct idea of how far-reaching our missiles were. It speaks for itself.

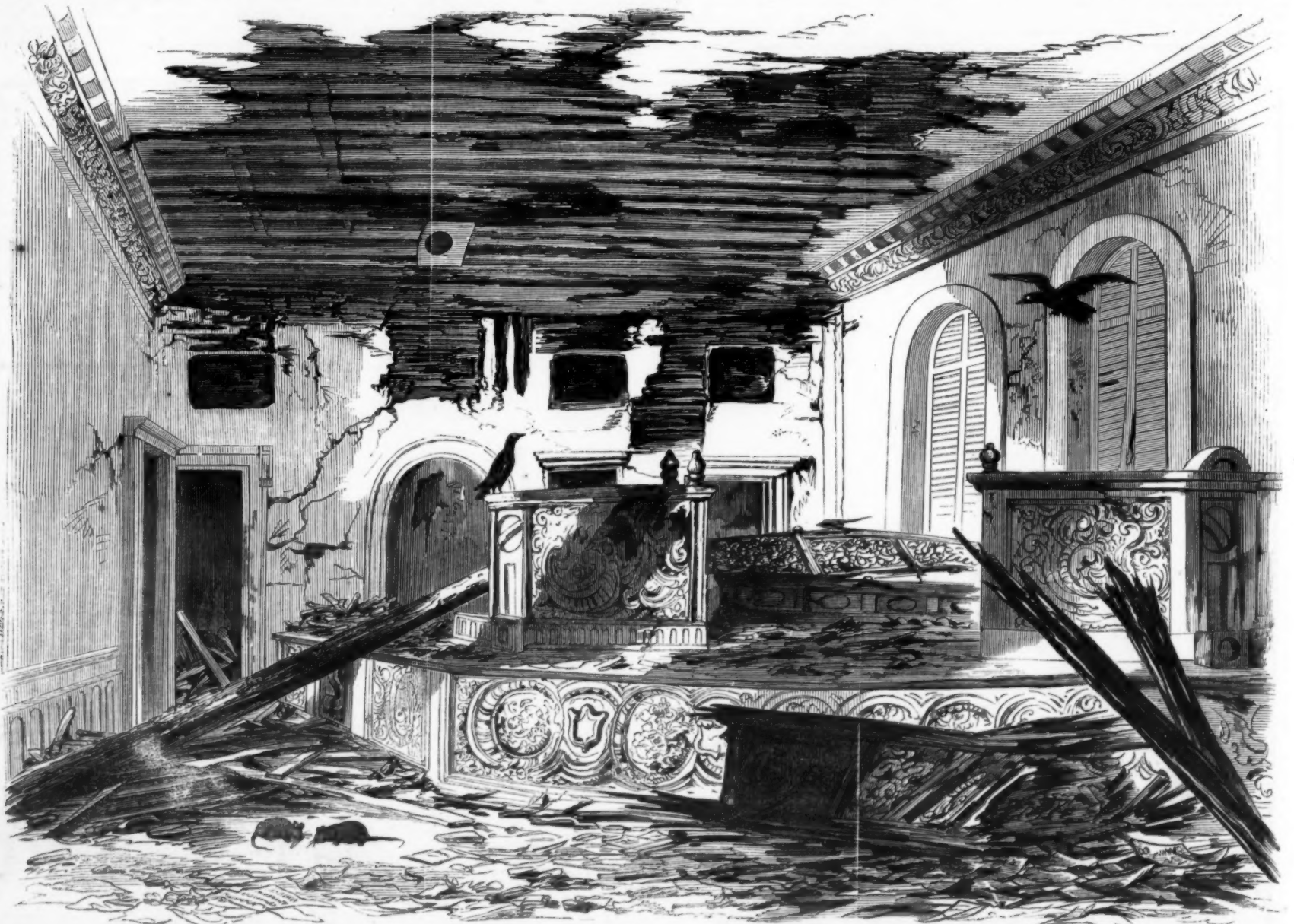
**Interior of State Bank of South Carolina.**

Our Artist found this once wealthy bank in ruins, the furniture destroyed, the walls disfigured by our shells, and the literary matter of the establishment, as cheques and blanks of various kinds, given over to the cunning artificers of rats' nests and crows' nests. The Confederate credit is very fairly indicated by our picture of the bank at Charleston.

**EGYPTIAN TROOPS.**—There is a battalion of Egyptian troops serving with the French army in Mexico. This corps is composed of 600 volunteers, and was offered by the Viceroy of Egypt to the Emperor Napoleon to take part in the rude warfare in Mexico. These terrible black soldiers speak neither French nor Mexican. They only obey their own officers, but their discipline is marvellous. They are cruel towards the guerillas, whom they tie to trees, and whose heads and hands they cut off, and whom they kill with yatagans in reprisal for the death of one of their comrades, who was surprised at Chicquille, and was cut in pieces, and scattered about their camp by the guerillas. This cruel act has excited the rage of the black soldiers, and furnishes the explanation, if not the excuse, for their conduct. They are on detached service in the hotter regions, and they occupy a position in the shape of a large crescent. At the least sound of alarm they turn out as sharpshooters, and advance bravely, even if it is one against 50. They are as active as panthers, nothing checks them,

neither thickets, ravines, nor the escarpments of mountains, nor works constructed by military science. In an incredibly short time they will cover the astonishing distance of 15 leagues without halting. They are faithful to their Mahometan creed, and never drink fermented liquors. They have been extremely obliging towards the French army, and have done the most laborious fatigue work, such as pitching tents, cutting wood for fuel, and bringing water from long distances for the camp.

THERE is now a proposal to erect a monument to Leonardo de Vinci in the Chateau of Amboise, France, on the spot where his remains were recently discovered. The form of this work of art has not been decided on, but the pedestal would bear simply the words "Francis I. a appelé Léonard de Vinci en France. Napoleon III. lui a élevé un monument." (Francis I. called Leonardo de Vinci to France. Napoleon III. has raised a monument to his memory.) The Mayor of Amboise has written a letter to M. Arène Housaye, Inspector-General of Fine Arts, on the subject, at the same time thanking that gentleman for his aid in the discovery of that great painter's burial place.



INTERIOR OF THE STATE BANK OF SOUTH CAROLINA, CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF OUR SHELLS.



**CAPT. J. S. CLARK.**

THE subject of our sketch, Capt. Joseph S. Clark, was born in Essex county, State of New York, in 1814. He was the youngest son of a large family, and losing his parents early in life, he was left, in a measure, to carve out a way in the world for himself. The desire to go forth and seek his fortune, so common in our boys of ten years of age, impelled him to leave his home for a journey whose direction was unknown, and whose end was uncertain. The second day of his travels, while trudging a-foot along the road to Shoreham, Vermont, he encountered a Massachusetts pedlar, who became interested in the fortunes of the lad, and engaged him to take charge of the horse and wagon, which contained the stock-in-trade of a company of some eighteen foot pedlars, who met at certain points and replenished their stocks from the wagon, which was, in fact, a perambulating notion store. In those days there was a large number of such companies organized throughout the New England States.

He continued in this occupation for two years, during which time he learned the value of small things, and acquired a general though circumscribed knowledge of trading, which served him well in after life. Becoming tired of this occupation, and feeling a growing passion to see foreign countries, he bade farewell to his friends, the pedlars, and, coming to New York, soon obtained a situation as boy on board a ship. From that time he followed the sea as a profession. His progress upwards was slow but sure, for though he had neither patron nor capital, he had an indomitable will and a desire to rise, which made him lose no opportunity for improvement or of advantage which would aid him to reach the goal of his ambition. He passed through every grade, from boy before the mast to first officer, until finally he found himself commander of the beautiful Clyde built steamship Argill, at the early age of 22. The Argill was the first steamship that ever navigated the waters of the Mexican Gulf or the Caribbean Sea.

In 1841, Capt. Clark, by economy and industry, was enabled to purchase the controlling interest in the ship he commanded, and in this position he brought into practical use the knowledge of "trading" which he had acquired in the humble capacity of a Massachusetts pedlar. This knowledge of trading is of vital importance to the success of a mercantile shipmaster, for, acting as his own factor, he selects his cargoes to suit the market, according to experience acquired by years of personal observation, and knowing what is of value as exchange between port and port, is rarely necessitated to sail out or home in ballast.

From 1841 to 1862 Capt. Clark pursued his profession, combining the shipmaster with the merchant, which profession he took an honest pride in, for had he not achieved it by the force of his own will? A self-made man may well be proud of the beginnings of his success.

At the breaking out of the Southern rebellion Capt. Clark was in China with his ship. He remained there until June, 1862, when, finding that he could not with safety bring his ship home under the flag of his country, he took her to Melbourne, Australia, where he sold her out, taking passage to England with his family, for his wife and children always accompanied him in his voyages, in the famous ship Kent, of London, England. This voyage was a memorable one, and the dangers which the ship passed through and the manner of its miraculous preservation was the theme of universal comment in the English press.

When off Cape Horn the Kent encountered a hurricane, which exceeded in violence all that the oldest seaman had ever known. For three days and three nights, the 13th, 14th and 15th of August, the storm raged without intermission, the cabins and upper decks were all swept away, most of the crew disabled by over-



CAPT. JOSEPH S. CLARK, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE CONSOLIDATED PETROLEUM AND MINING COMPANY.

work and the rest disheartened, and the ship, utterly beyond control, lay laboring in the trough of the sea, a helpless wreck, in momentary danger of foundering. Then it was that Capt. Clark's practical experience, and his never-yielding determination to overcome all obstacles, stood out in bold relief. The captain of the Kent, a fair sailor under ordinary circumstances, was paralyzed by the imminence of the situation. Giving up the ship for lost, he left the deck, and going among the passengers, bade them prepare to meet their God, for the ship would not live an hour. The scene which

followed this announcement may be better imagined than described.

There were between two and three hundred passengers, among them delicate women and children, whole families returning to their homes. Terror seized them all, and their cries, their wailings and their prayers for help were heartrending. Capt. Clark had his own family on board, and did not comprehend the meaning of giving up the ship without a struggle for life. He sought the captain and told him he did not see their situation in that light, and asked permission

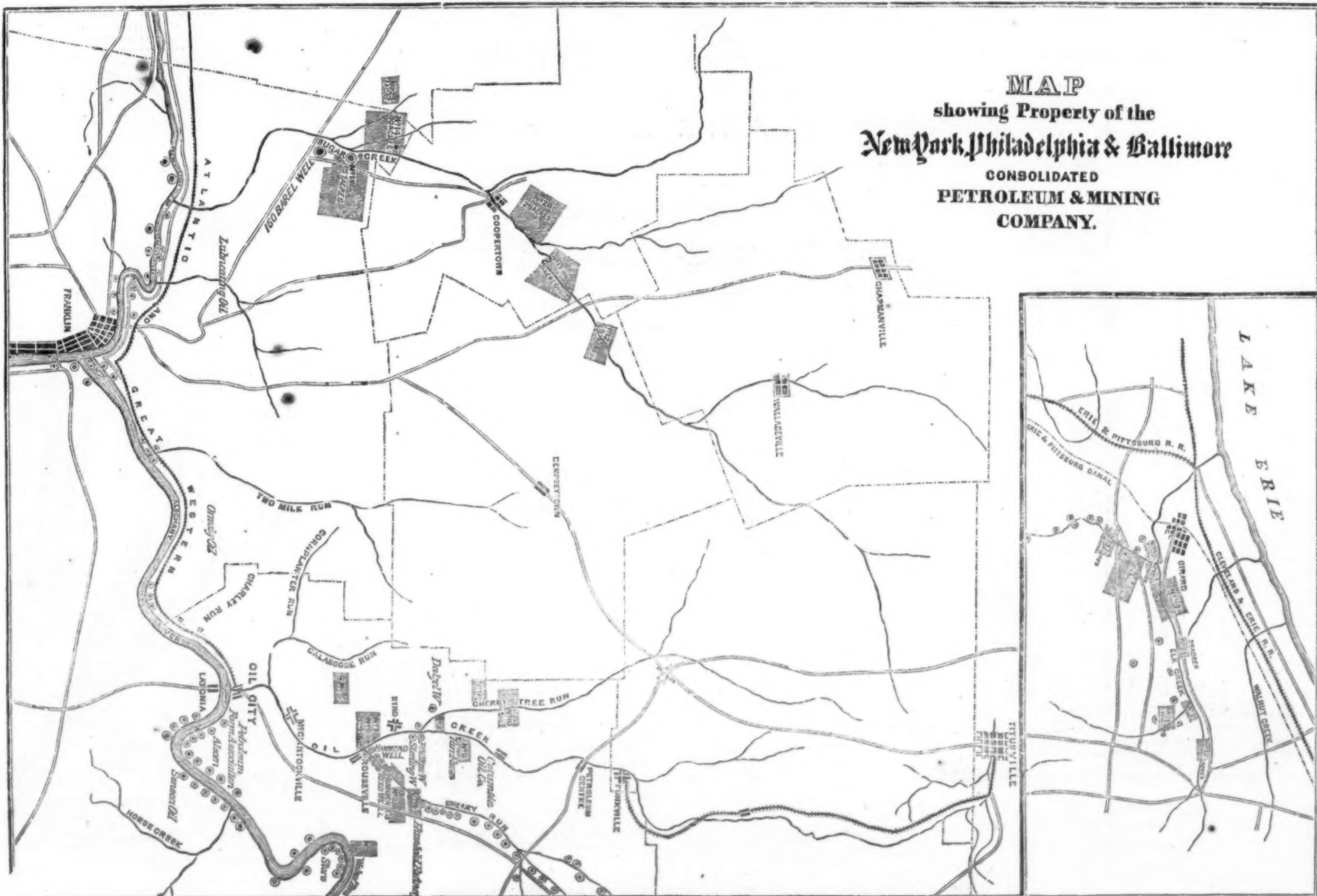
to try his hand at the work of salvation. It was granted, and he proceeded at once to rouse such of the crew as were able to do duty, found many of the passengers who were willing to lend a hand, spoke words of comfort, and evidenced his faith by work, and in two hours, by certain nautical devices, got the ship's head round, hoisted the only stitch of canvas that had been saved, and enabled the staunch vessel to ride out the remainder of the hurricane and reach her port in safety.

On reaching London the passengers published a card of thanks to Capt. Clark, which contained all that words could express of gratitude, and the London Times devoted two columns to the details of the perilous voyage, paying a noble tribute to the undaunted heroism and masterly skill of the man who had rescued so many human souls from the horror of a watery grave.

On his return to America, Capt. Clark's attention was directed to the development of the petroleum oil district, and he entered into the new business with the same determination which had carried him so successfully through all his speculations in life. He recognised that the first element of success was a thorough knowledge of the subject, practically learned by personal investigation. This he gave it, spending many months in inspecting the whole region, and gathering information from every source from which it could be reliably obtained.

Capt. Clark relates many anecdotes, and tells many a story of his travels through the gold regions of California, Australia and New Zealand, enough to fill a large volume; but admits that after looking over all the gold fields, and the successes of the many thousands rushing to them in pursuit of that precious metal that appears to be a little scarce with us just now, there is none of them to be compared with the great petroleum chances, almost every day offering to those that seek for oil. It is not strange that after passing through all the gold fevers without catching the contagion, that he should look upon this new fever with suspicion, which he did for the first year of his stay on Oil creek, and, to use his own words, missed many a good chance. The first of which, he says, was an offer of the one-fourth of the famous Maple-Shade well when struck, for \$700. In less than one month after that one-fourth of the well was worth \$300,000; after many such chances had slipped from him during the first year in Oil creek, his nerves were somewhat strengthened by the constant application of oil, and at last he made a venture for himself. His judgment being ripened by experience, his venture was a success, and he has gone on since then, increasing his connection with the oil interest until the present day, when we find him a trustee in five different stable companies, having organized two himself, one in Philadelphia and the other in this city, called "The New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company," the stock of which has sold so rapidly that the books were closed on the first of March, so that no more stock can be had at the subscription price. The property upon which this company is based has all been selected by Capt. Clark himself, and is at the present time paying interest from wells in operation. It is one of the best mediums for investment in the market.

Capt. Clark is also interested in one of, if not the very best refineries in this or any other country; we believe the Standard Petroleum Refinery of Pittsburg, Penn., is largest in the world. It has the capacity of refining 3,000 barrels of oil per month, which, allowing 40 gallons to the barrel, would give the enormous sum of 120,000 gallons, on which the Government receives a revenue of 10 cents per gallon. We would advise any one visiting Pittsburg to inspect the Standard Refinery. Doctor R. C. W. Tweddle, the projector and builder, takes pleasure in showing all who visit the refinery through the different departments. It will well pay any one feeling





an interest in the great developments of that truly wonderful product, petroleum oil.

A CERTAIN poetaster was to meet Charles Lamb at dinner, and some of his poems were shown to Lamb a little before the author's arrival. When he came he proved to be empty and conceited. During dinner Lamb fell into the delightful drollery of saying, now and again, "That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young," and then quoted a line or two, which he recollected, from the gentleman's book, to the latter's amusement and indignation. Lamb, busily diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of "Paradise Lost," "Of man's first disobedience," as also written by himself, which actually brought the gentleman on his feet, bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pillaged.

We would call special attention to B. T. Hayward's advertisement, in another department of this issue. Our gallant troops in the Union service can obtain from him every desirable style of Company, Regimental, Brigade, Division or Corps Pins, Badges or Emblems. As every patriot prides himself on his particular Company, Regiment or Corps, and wishes to decorate his manly breast with an honorable Badge, designating his connections, and thousands, not knowing how to obtain them, we take pleasure in referring them to Mr. Hayward's advertisement, in which will be found all that is desired in that line. Mr. Hayward is one of our largest and oldest Manufacturing Jewellers, and is the leading manufacturer of the Army Badges. In fact, his is the only reliable house to deal with. He can be relied upon for quality of goods, promptness and faithfulness in filling all orders. Our "Masonic" friends will also find everything in their line appertaining to masonry.—*Army and Home Journal.*

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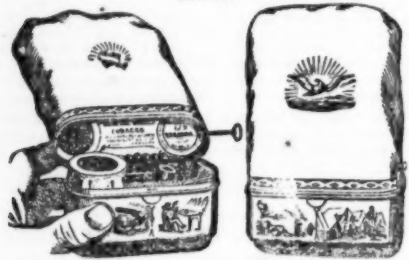
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- H—Pipe Lighter.
- J—Scroll for Name.
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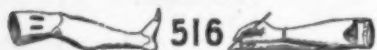
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She only thought of sweet revenge—  
He would his country save.  
The goddess shrined within her breast  
Was withering, black-browed hate—  
He only sighed to win a bride,  
And see his country great.  
"Ruth Roy shall never be thy bride,  
Dick Champ, now mark me well!"  
"Out! out! foul witch!" the patriot cried,  
"I'll win her yet, Wild Nell!"

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The popularity of the author of WILD NELL will, we know, add tens of thousands to our readers; but apart from this, everybody should read the story for the good it will do them.

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## THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

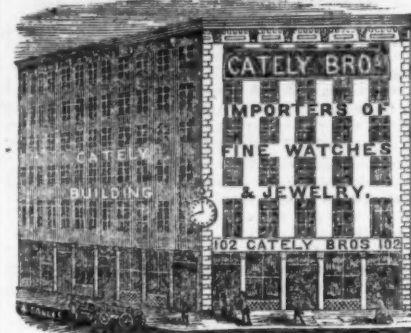
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Moustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face,  
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portance to Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one,  
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GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is  
offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings,  
silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167  
Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles,  
varying in value, and all are offered for \$1 each. The  
distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a  
certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope,  
and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are  
satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth  
more than that amount, and may be \$50 or \$100. An  
excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—Sunday  
Times, New York City, Feb. 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally  
known to us, and we believe them to be every way  
worthy of public confidence.—New York Scottish Ameri-  
can Journal, June 11, 1864.

We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s  
Agency for European Manufacturing Jewellery, a large  
assortment of fashionable and valuable jewellery of the  
newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of  
silver-plate, and understand that the whole of these  
newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel  
principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and  
affording extensive employment to agents. We know  
the firm in question to be a very respectable and  
thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recom-  
mend our friends to read their advertisement.—New  
York Tribune, Sept. 8, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the ad-  
vantages must be on the side of the customer, for he  
has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to  
lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar before-  
hand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—  
New York Weekly News, Aug. 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and  
profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is  
the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution"  
of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has be-  
come very successful in this way, not only filling her own  
purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom  
she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our adver-  
tising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—  
New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement  
of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches,  
jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that advertise-  
ment we received several sets of the jewellery advertised,  
and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and  
quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They  
turned out to be just what they had been represented.—  
True Democrat (Lexington), Aug. 17, 1864.

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26,  
1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for  
Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some 20  
articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for  
inspection, and without hesitation we can state that  
each and all of the articles were worth treble the  
amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them  
six times.

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.****GREAT SALE****OF****Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.****One Million Dollars!****To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!!**

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR  
UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!

**Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for \$1 each!**

300 Musical Boxes.....	\$20 to \$150
150 " " with Bells and Casta- nets.....	200 " 500
500 Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns....	20 " 50
500 " Chafing Dishes.....	30 " 100
1,000 " Ice Pitchers.....	20 " 50
2,500 " Syrup Cups with Salvers.....	20 " 50
5,000 " Goblets and Drinking Cups.....	5 " 50
3,000 " Castors.....	15 " 50
2,000 " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets.....	20 " 50
5,000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons.....	\$10 " 20
10,000 " " Table Spoons & Forks.....	20 " 40

**250 Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches**

250 Ladies' Gold and Enameled-case  
Watches..... 35 " 70

500 Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches..... 35 " 70

200 Diamond Rings..... 50 " 100

5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains..... 4 " 30

3,000 " Oval Band Bracelets..... 4 " 8

5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets..... 6 " 10

2,000 Hatelaine Chains & Guard Chains..... 5 " 20

7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches..... 4 " 10

5,000 Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches..... 4 " 8

5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine  
Ear Drops..... 4 " 8

7,500 Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops..... 4 " 6

4,000 California Diamond Breast Pins.... 250 " 10

3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys.... 250 " 8

4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides..... 3 " 10

5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons,  
Studs, etc..... 3 " 8

3,000 Gold Thumbless, Pencils, etc..... 4 " 6

10,000 Miniature Lockets..... 250 " 10

4,000 " " Magic Spring..... 10 " 20

3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc..... 2 " 8

5,000 Plain Gold Rings..... 4 " 10

5,000 Chased Gold Rings..... 4 " 11

10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings..... 250 " 10

10,000 California Diamond Rings..... 2 " 10

7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery.—Jet & Gold  
6,000 " Cameo, Pearl,  
Opal and other stones..... 4 " 15

10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension  
Holders and Pencils..... 4 " 10

10,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted  
Holders..... 6 " 10

5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension  
Holders..... 15 " 25

5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles..... 5 " 15

5,000 " " Hair Bars and  
Balls..... 5 " 10

**ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,**

No. 167 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for  
One Dollar each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the  
manufacturing districts of England, through the war  
having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of  
Valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the English  
market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and  
MUST BE SOLD AT NY SA. RIFCE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting  
as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers,  
have resolved upon a Great Gift Distribution, subject to  
the following regulations:

CERTIFICATES of the various articles are first put into  
envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and when p-ordered,  
are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail,  
thus giving all a fair chance.

On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you  
are to have, and then it is at your option to send the  
dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus  
obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any  
Set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forward-  
ing the Certificates, paying postage and doing the  
business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the  
Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for  
\$1; eleven for \$2; thirty for \$5; sixty-five for \$10; and a  
hundred for \$15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in  
every town and county in the country, and those acting  
as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate  
ordered for them, provided their remittance amounts to  
One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Cer-  
tificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or post-  
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ARRANDALE & CO.,  
107 Broadway, New York.

**J. TOWNSEND & CO.**

95,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens  
with Case, Sets of Jewellery, Lockets,  
Sleeve-Buttons, Gents' Pins, &c.,

to be sold for

**\$95,000,**

and valued at

**\$750,000!!!**

all to be sold at

**ONE DOLLAR EACH,**

without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you  
know what you are to receive.

Read this list of articles to be sold at \$1 each:

500 Ladies and Gents' Gold Watches, \$50 to \$100 each.

500 Hunting Case Silver Watches, 15 to 30 "

2,500 Neck Chains, 8 to 20 "

3,000 Fob and Guard Chains, 5 to 25 "

5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, 5 to 15 "

5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles, 5 to 16 "

5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars  
and Balls, 5 to 10 "

3,000 Ladies' Onyx Eardrops, 5 to 10 "

2,000 Gold Band Bracelets, 5 to 10 "

3,000 Enameled, Coral and Opal Ear-  
drops, 5 to 10 "

3,000 Plain and Fancy Rings, 4 to 8 "

4,000 Sets Sleeve Buttons, 4 to 8 "

10,000 Pieces Silver Ware, 4 to 15 "

10,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted  
Holders, 5 to 10 "

5,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension  
Holders, 5 to 8 "

3,000 Gold Watch Keys, 2 to 6 "

All to be sold at One Dollar each. Certificates of all  
the different articles, stating what each can have, are  
put into envelopes and mixed, and, when ordered, are  
taken out, without regard to choice, and sent by mail.  
On receiving the certificate you will see what you can  
have. Then it is at your option to send one dollar and  
take the article or not. In all transactions by mail we  
charge for forwarding the certificate, paying the postage  
and doing the business, 20 cents each, which must be  
enclosed when the certificate is sent for. 6 Certificates  
sent for \$1; 15 for \$2; 40 for \$5; 100 for \$10. Agents  
will be allowed 10 cents on each certificate, when order-  
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MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in  
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